Vol 9 The War Illustrated Nº 226

SIXPENCE

and AFTERWARDS

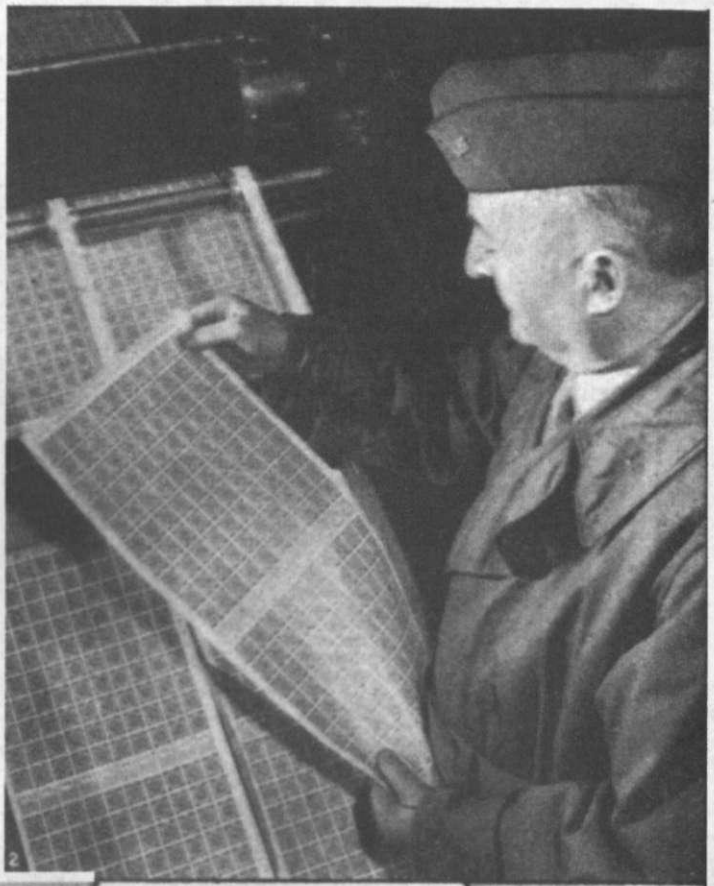
FEBRUARY 15, 1946

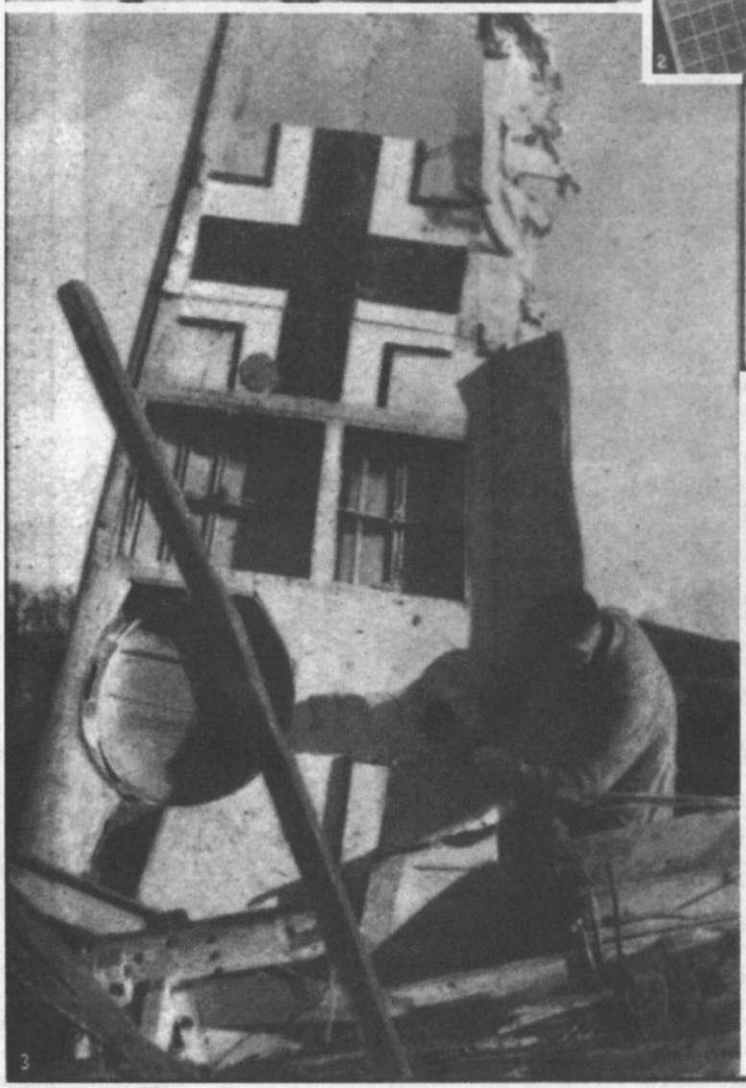
PATROLLING THE STREETS OF BERLIN BY NIGHT, British and Russian Military Police jointly undertake the maintenance of good order in the British sector of the devastated German capital. This arrangement came into force on December 30, 1945, the object being to avoid recurrence of incidents which have occasionally occurred through misunderstandings—and the language difficulty in the event of the arrest of a Russian in our zone. The co-operation is creating closer relationship between the two Allies.

Edited by Sir John Hammerton

NO. 227 WILL BE PUBLISHED FRIDAY, MARCH 1, 1946

The Daily Round in Our Zone of Germany





IN BERLIN a Scottish doctor makes friends with a little girl well wrapped up against the cold (1). First general issue of Germany's new postage stamps was minted in the capital on January 18, 1946; specimen sheets examined (2) by Mr. P. Schardt, U.S. Postmaster-General; the 12 pfennig (right). At Detmold there is demand among our troops for toys made from wrecked German aircraft; an ex-member of the Luftwaffe strips a ME 109 (3) for material. British Military Police searching suspects at Berlin's Derby Club (4).

PAGE 642

Great Deeds of the Army Commandos

By Lt.-Col.
A. C. NEWMAN, V.C.

RAISED as an offensive Force in the dark days of 1940, the Army Commandos—their work magnificently done—were disbanded in 1945. Battle honours in many fields they gained between those years, imbued with a spirit of comradeship and mutual endeavour never excelled by any body of men. Founding, training and achievements of wearers of the Green Beret are described in this article, specially written by the Commando leader of St. Nazaire fame for "The War Illustrated."

IN June 1940 Britain was called upon to face a situation which was not very much to her liking. We had come out of Norway, we had come out of France, and we were confronted with the grim task of preparing to defend our shores from a possible enemy invasion; and, if that did not materialize, the building-up of a new army that could carry the war into the enemy's territory once again. Starting from scratch, this obviously would take a considerable time, during which we could not afford to allow our enemy to hold all the initiative.

Within a few days of Dunkirk, Mr. Churchill, the Prime Minister, called for the formation of a force whose special job would be to carry out offensive operations against the enemy. At this time, some 6,000 men were to have as their role the launching of raids on the long enemy-held coastline.

As a skilful boxer worries his opponent by a series of jabs with his left hand, preparing for the knock-out blow with his right, so was this force to carry out a series of jabs until Britain was ready to put in her right, which was to drive the enemy out of Africa, then Italy, and finally through France to Berlin.

On July 17, 1940, Admiral of the Fleet Sir Roger Keyes was made Director of Combined Operations (see page 622), and the Commandos came into being. In the initial build-up, the Commando commanders had the opportunity of gathering together their men from all branches and regiments of the Army. All were volunteers, all had to be in first-rate physical condition. The majority of the men chosen had already seen action in either France or Norway, and were possessed of the spirit of adventure and the keen desire to be on the offensive again. The training was hard and intense, but because all the men were enthusiastically taking part in the moulding of a new type of unit there was born within each Commando a fervent desire to make himself as efficient as possible. And there developed between all ranks a spirit of comradeship that was later to become one of the great attributes of the Commando.

Hard Schooling for Recruits

To make the men efficient for their future tasks many unusual types of training had to be introduced. It was essential that they should be just as confident to act alone, or in twos and threes, as when fighting as a complete Commando. They must be accustomed to the sea, immune to sea-sickness, efficient in the rudiments of seamanship. Training in handling explosives and quick but effective demolitions formed part of their course. Cliff and mountain climbing had to be mastered by all ranks. A high degree of night sense and night confidence had to be attained, and complete control of street-fighting and close-quarter work in built-up areas.

Training centres were not long in taking shape; the West Coast of Scotland became the schooling ground for the Commando recruit. Landing exercises were carried out in mid-winter from base ships—pre-war passenger-carrying vessels converted to provide for a Commando living aboard, and carrying landing craft. Very soon the Commando soldier was "at home" aboard and learning his navigation, training hard in landings by night and by day on all types of beaches and in all kinds of weather.

He was schooled to realize that as all offensive operations against the enemy's long line must come from the sea, his own natural home and hunting ground must *be* the sea. Trips in submarines and destroyers also formed a very close link with the Royal Navy and he came to know his ship by other terms than the sharp end and the blunt end!

At the same time, schools of mountain warfare assault and demolition courses all had to be passed through; and such spare time as came to him in Scotland was likely to be spent in deer stalking and mountain climbing. Throughout the War, all subsequent Commandos went through similar training, growing in numbers, extending their spheres of operations throughout the European and Far Eastern fighting, finally becoming a force of such dimensions as was never visualized in those grim days of 1940.

Succeeding Directors of Combined Operations added their strength, and left their mark on the Commandos. Admiral Lord Louis Mountbatten followed Sir Roger Keyes in October 1941 and directed the operations until appointed to S.E.A.C. in August 1943. Major-General "Bob" Laycock, himself a Commando Commander, succeeded Lord Louis in October 1943 and remained the Commando chief until the end.

Historic 'Warming-Up' Raids

In October 1945 came the statement in Parliament that the Commandos were to be disbanded, and the lessons learnt were to be incorporated into Regular Army training. So at the end of their five-year life it is fitting to look back and see what battle honours they have gained, and what part they played in the beating of our enemies.

On March 4, 1941, a small force of Commandos and Royal Navy raided the Lofoten Islands in Northern Norway. The enemy were surprised, and the raiders returned to England without casualty, bringing with them 215 German prisoners and ten quislings. They also brought back to England all they could carry of a number of loyal Norwegians, some 300 men, who were willing to come here to join the Norwegian Free Forces. They left behind them many completely destroyed fish oil factories that had been producing valuable goods for Germany; eleven German ships were sunk, totalling 18,000 tons, and food and clothes were left with the Norwegian population. (See pages 286 and 287, Vol. 4).

THEN on Dec. 27, 1941, the Lofoten Isles were again visited, and damage was again done to wireless installations, German oil storage units and shipping. At the same time as this second Lofoten raid, another Combined Operation was in progress a few hundred miles farther south, at Vaagso. There the Commandos, with Royal Naval and Royal Air Force support, destroyed the German garrison, killing 120 of them and bringing back 95 prisoners, together with some more Norwegian quislings. Enemy shipping was sunk and coastal defence guns destroyed. (See pages 430 and 431, Vol. 5).

Three months later, on March 27-28, 1942, the Commandos were again on the offensive, this time on the West Coast of France, in the memorable attack on St. Nazaire, where the large dry dock capable of housing the German battleship Tirpitz was destroyed. (See pages 627 and 669, Vol. 5). On August 19 came the historic raid on Dieppe, where Canadians joined forces with the Commandos to pierce the strong German defences. Against almost overwhelming odds, the German heavy batteries were smashed, many of the Luftwaffe's aircraft were brought down, and severe casualties were inflicted on the enemy in this "reconnaissance in force" from which such valuable information was obtained as to make possible the final blow on the now strong enemy coastal defences. (See pages 196-199, Vol. 6).

In the Mediterranean the Commandos were carrying the war into the enemy's territory. On Crete, in May 1941, they played their part in the tragic fighting. A month later on the Litani River in Syria a very gallant Commando landed behind the enemy lines to draw their fire whilst the main forces crossed the river. Losses were high, but their action made it possible for the advance to go on.

THE raid on Bardia (Libya), made in darkness in April 1941, produced valuable information; large enemy dumps were blown up; an important bridge in the Axis line of communications was destroyed, and a coastal defence battery put out of action. In November of the same year, on the eve of General Auchinleck's attack in Libya, a daring raid by some 30 Commando men on Rommel's H.Q. was carried out from submarines, the landing being many miles behind the enemy front line. A Commando played an important part in the occupation of Madagascar (May–November 1942), though the operation was mainly carried out by the Royal Navy and the Army.

These are only a few of the Commando actions in that difficult period when Britain was fast fitting herself for the whole of her armies to go over to the offensive again.

In November 1942 came the Anglo-American landings in North Africa. Commandos were there, and as the tempo of the war in the Mediterranean increased the fighting in Sicily and Italy saw many Green Beret actions. Salerno (September 1943) can be claimed by the Commandos as one of their battle honours—it was probably one of their finest actions in the war. Fighting for eleven days, holding on against terrible artillery fire, a Commando made it possible for the main forces to consolidate and maintain their slender positions ashore and thus secure the landing. In all the subsequent Italian fighting the Commandos were used, finally finishing up with Marshal Tito in Yugoslavia.

Many visits were made across the Channel in preparation for the D-Day landing, and here the Commandos were in their element, landing in twos and threes on the coast of France to gather vital information.

Bitter and Costly Actions

At long last, on June 6, 1944, the big day arrived, and the Allies put in their strong right-hand blow. Walcheren Island (November 1944) and the Rhine crossings (March 1945) will go down in the history of the Commandos—both very bitter and costly actions but invaluable in their aid to the main Allied advance towards Berlin.

Commando history cannot be completed without recording their part in the Far East. In the Burma jungle a Commando Brigade saw perhaps the toughest and most desperate fighting in the whole War, calling for endurance of the highest order.

Almost from the beginning our enemies realized the Commandos' potential, and feared them. An order was given by the German High Command in 1942 that all Commandos were to be shot if captured. Too many very gallant men paid this price at the hands of the Gestapo.

Raised, as they were, in the dark days of 1940, they were given a role to play—and play it they did. Their casualties were high, their actions costly in men and materials; but their part in the long years of the War will not be forgotten.

Last Moments at Singapore

By MAJ.-GENERAL
SIR CHARLES GWYNN
K.C.B., D.S.O.

THE inquiry into the circumstances of the escape of Lieutenant-General Gordon Bernett, C.B., D.S.O., C.-in-C. of the Australian Forces, from Singapore in February 1942 revives memories of what, at the time, to many seemed an incomprehensible and humiliating disaster. Incidentally, the evidence given at the inquiry brings out how bitterly the troops felt the inevitability of surrender. There can be little doubt that if any good purpose would have been served and they had been called on to do so they would willingly have fought to the last man.

Units, exhausted and depleted in a long fighting retreat, continued to resist stubbornly when the situation had become hopeless. The Australians who met the initial landing in the mangrove swamps at the north-west corner of the island though compelled to fall back never lost their cohesion. Despite continuous air attack the conduct of the troops in the final stages was in general satisfactory; and discipline was well maintained. There can be no doubt that it was not through fear that the troops would crack

MEMORIAL SERVICE for officers and men of the 2nd Battalion the Gordon Highlanders who fell in Malaya and Singapore, 1941-42, was conducted by the Rt. Rev. R. L. Wilson, Bishop of Singapore, on September 26, 1945. The service was held at the grave of three British soldiers who lost their lives in a slit trench—now dedicated to the dead of the 2nd Battalion. *Photo, British Official*

that Lieutenant-General A. E. Percival, C.B., D.S.O., M.C., G.O.C. Malaya, decided to surrender, but rather to avoid what had evidently become useless bloodshed, and in consideration for the desperate plight of the civil population owing to water shortage.

SURRENDER of the Fortress Came as Desperate Shock to the Nation

That recriminations and criticisms, some probably justified, should have been provoked by the surrender of so important a place and of so many men was to be expected. But now that we have recovered from the shock, sympathy for the commander who had to make the decision and for the troops whose efforts had proved in vain is surely more fitting. Perhaps those who most deserve sympathy are the troops who were landed as reinforcements at the last moment, only to find themselves committed to the miseries of Japanese prisoner-of-war camps without having had an opportunity to prove their metal.

Whether these last-minute reinforcements should have been landed when the situation had become so hopeless may be open to question. Landed after a long sea voyage into totally strange surroundings they could in any case have been of little immediate value. Possibly the need to release shipping in which to evacuate women and children was the reason for a measure which only added to the scale of the disaster. The surrender came as a desperate shock to the nation all the more because it was popularly believed that Singapore had been made into an impregnable fortress.

It was known that what for peacetime were very large sums had been expended on it, but I am afraid very few concerned themselves to inquire what they had received for their money. It has frequently been explained that it was never intended nor practicable to create a fortress in the full sense but only a first-class, strongly armed naval base. Actually, we learned in the course of the War that no fortress can be made impregnable when subjected to attack by the full power of modern weapons.

The fall of Singapore should mainly be attributed to the inability of the Royal Navy and our field army in Malaya to prevent the enemy closing on to it and not to the lack of fortifications on the land side. However strong those defences might have been made they would have served only to delay and not to avert the final disaster in the strategic conditions that had arisen as a consequence of the war with Germany. In view of those conditions it is very doubtful whether from the outset of the war with Japan it would have been practicable to avert the disaster unless Japan had displayed an ineptitude and weakness which we had no right to expect. As misapprehensions still prevail it may be worth while to review, with special reference to Singapore, the strategic aspects of our imperial defence problems.

Obviously our resources in peace, and even when our armed forces are expanded in war, are insufficient permanently to provide adequate forces for the defence of our outlying possessions and interests. We depend primarily on the Royal Navy retaining control of sea communications to admit of the reinforcement of threatened points, and secondly on reserves held at suitable points for reinforcement.

WITH the rise of Japan as a powerful and potentially hostile naval power equilibrium in Eastern waters demanded the presence of a powerful British fleet. But a modern powerful fleet cannot operate or be maintained without a first-class base, hence the Singapore base. But the main British fleet had for a number of reasons to be stationed in the West, and for financial and political reasons was not maintained at sufficient strength to provide a detachment of really adequate size permanently in the Far East. It had therefore to be assumed that in times of crisis a large part of the Fleet would be dispatched to the East, arriving there in about 56 days. During that period the Japanese, in temporary command of the sea, might attempt to destroy the installations of the base by bombardment or by raiding-parties landed on the island. Powerful coast artillery guns were therefore mounted to keep hostile ships at a distance, and a small infantry garrison was maintained to deal with raids. A small R.A.F. detachment also was stationed at the base. It was realized that during the 56-day period the enemy might also land a force on the mainland of the peninsula, but owing to the time factor it was assumed that the landing would not be in great strength or be effected at any great distance from the base.

WHY Japan Was Able to Exploit Fully Her Superior Air Power

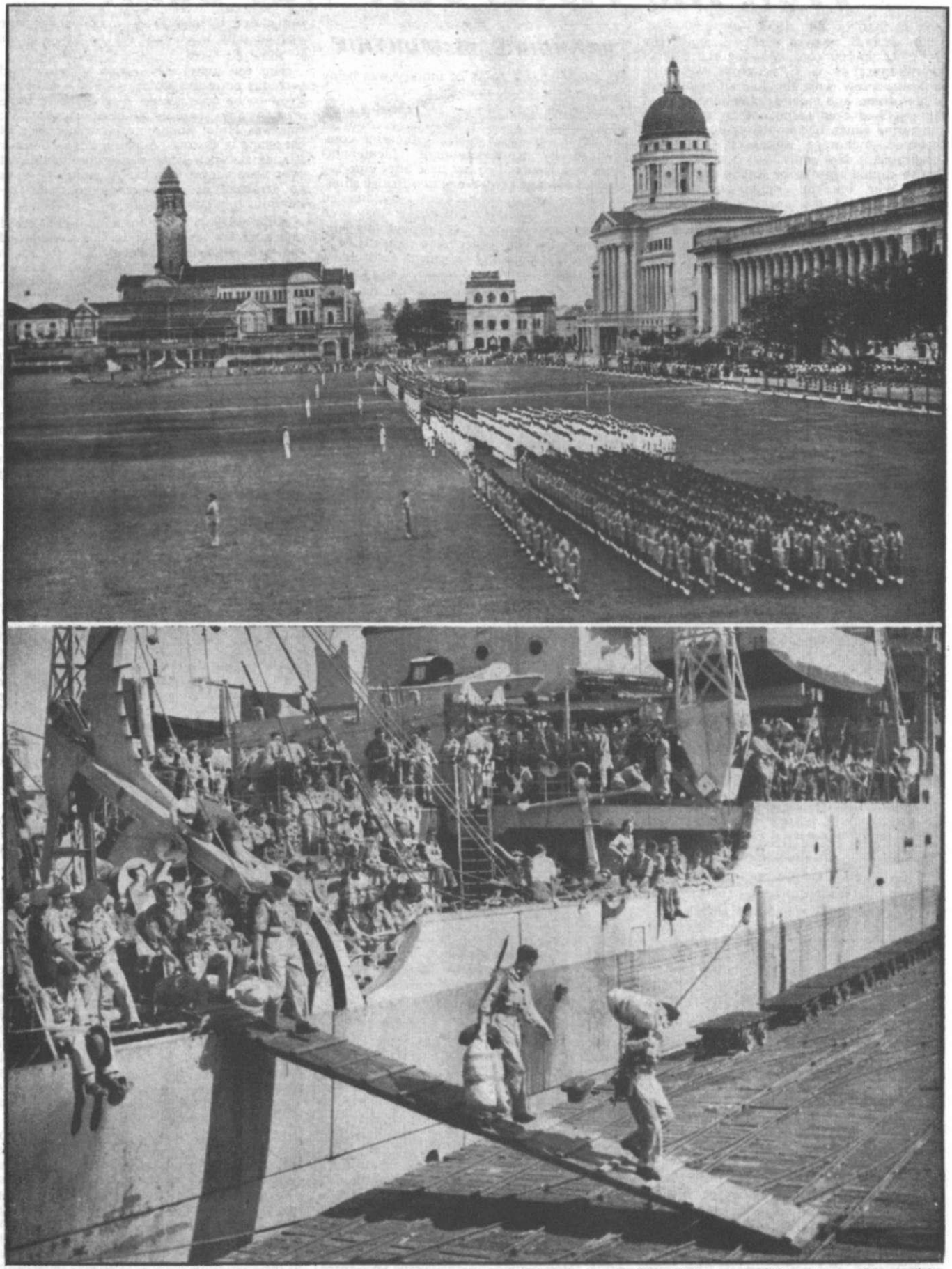
It was, however, essential to prevent such a force advancing to within artillery range of the naval dockyard or establishing airfields from which it could be bombed. For this, a mobile field force was required to be formed from reinforcements provided by India. To have constructed an elaborate defence works on the landward side of the island would have given no protection to the dockyard, and a Maginot Line on the mainland at a sufficient distance would have not only been very costly but would have tied a large force to immobile defence. Moreover, it would not have eliminated air attack.

Such were the premises on which the defence scheme of Singapore was based, and they were falsified by the collapse of France. The main Fleet could not leave western waters, and the belated dispatch of H.M.S. Prince of Wales and the Repulse was probably only intended to be a deterrent measure, taking account of the strained relations between the U.S.A. and Japan. After the Pearl Harbour disaster their strategic value was immensely reduced. Reinforcements were sent from India and Australia, but since both these countries had already sent contingents to the Middle East they could not contribute a force strong enough to meet the new situation. For Japan, having established herself in Indo-China and Siam, could now invade Malaya by land and sea. With no prospect of a British fleet arriving she was not hampered by the time factor, and she could fully exploit her superior air power.

IN these circumstances the newly-formed British field army had to be deployed on the Siamese frontier and to cover a probable landing. Numerically, the force available was too small for the task and the troops were not trained in jungle fighting, nor was their equipment up to required standards. Manoeuvred out of one position after another, tactically in jungle fighting and strategically by landings in their rear, retreat was unavoidable. How serious the situation was from the outset may not have been fully realized, for it had been expected that the jungle would favour defence. The general public, buoyed up by belief in the impregnability of Singapore, and perhaps misled by over-sanguine communiqués, had certainly little warning of the approaching catastrophe which neither the most forceful leadership nor the strongest defences on the island could have for long averted.

Mr. Churchill at the time wisely refused to set up a Commission of Inquiry into the Singapore disaster; but his speech delivered in secret session of Parliament nine weeks after the event had unmistakable implications. Its publication would seem to demand an inquiry now, not to search for scapegoats but in justice to many brave men and for public enlightenment in strategic matters.

Navy and R.A.F. Comings and Goings Out East



MEN OF FORCE W, the naval force whose plans to make assault landings in the Port Swettenham and Port Dickson areas of Malaya became inoperative by reason of the surrender of Japanese forces in S.E. Asia on September 12, 1945, were inspected at Singapore by Lord Louis Mountbatten, Supreme Allied Commander S.E. Asia, at a recent farewell parade (top), when some 2,500 officers and men were assembled. From Britain, R.A.F. personnel recently arrived at Hongkong (below) to replace others due for demobilization.

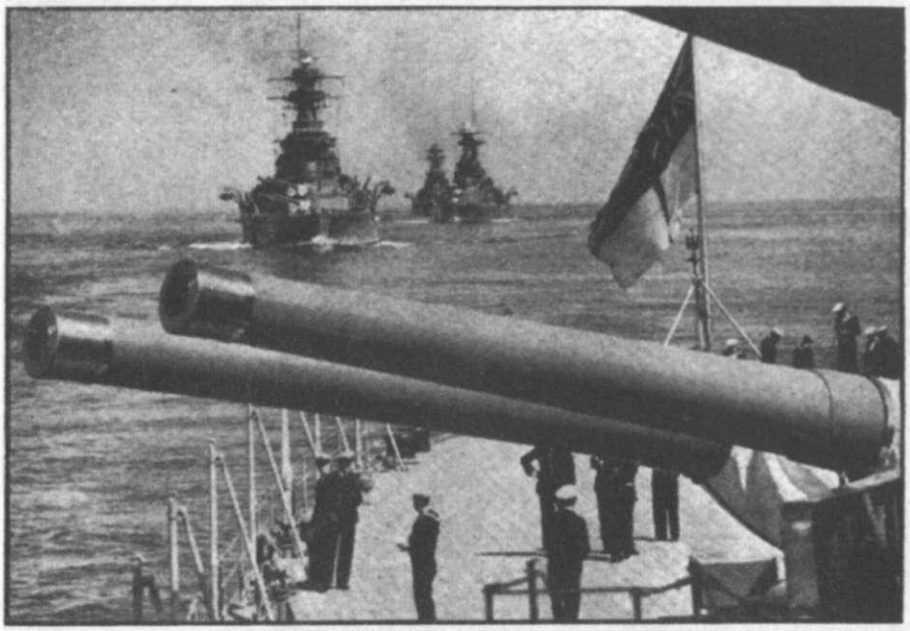
Photos, British Official

How the "Royal Oak" Was Sunk

By
FRANCIS E. McMURTRIE

ON October 14, 1939, at 1.30 a.m. H.M.S. Royal Oak, a battleship of 29,150 tons, wearing the flag of Rear-Admiral H. E. C. Blagrove, was sunk in Scapa Flow with the loss of two-thirds of her officers and men. It afterwards proved that she had been torpedoed by a German submarine which had contrived to enter the sheltered anchorage, supposed to be impenetrable. Not only was this the first British capital ship to be lost in the Second Great War, but the circumstances of the disaster enabled the enemy to exploit its propaganda value to the fullest extent. (See pages 244, 251, 344, Vol. 1.)

No clear official explanation has ever been furnished of the circumstances in which the U-boat was able to reach the spot undetected and to escape again. As described in Parliament four days later by Mr. Churchill (then First Lord of the Admiralty), a good deal of mystery appeared to surround the operation. When the first explosion occurred, in the forward part of the ship, the idea of a torpedo being responsible was never entertained. Instead, it was imagined that defective ammunition must have detonated, this having been responsible for the destruction of the battleship Vanguard in Scapa Flow on July 9, 1917. Steps were at once taken to flood all magazines in the vicinity, while the captain, accompanied by Rear-Admiral Blagrove and other officers, proceeded forward to investigate the cause of the trouble.



SHIPS OF THE 2nd BATTLE SQUADRON are seen beyond the 15-in. guns of the ill-fated Royal Oak, whose story is recounted here. Mr. Winston Churchill described the action of the U-boat concerned in her sinking in Scapa Flow as "a remarkable exploit of professional skill and daring." See also pages 244, 251, 344, Vol. 1. *Photo, Charles E. Brown*

IT was now, 20 minutes after the first muffled explosion, that the submarine fired a second salvo of torpedoes, three or four of which hit. The Royal Oak capsized and sank almost immediately, and the loss of life was increased by the spreading around of oil fuel, which smothered swimmers. Out of some 1,200 on board only 414 were saved, the admiral being one of those lost.

To quote Mr. Churchill's words, "When we consider that during the whole course of the last War (1914-18), the anchorage was found to be immune from such attacks on account of the obstacles imposed by the currents and the net barrages, this entry by a U-boat must be considered as a remarkable exploit of professional skill and daring."

He added that a court of inquiry was being held into the whole matter.

Simultaneously with the First Lord's announcement came a German account of the affair. It stated that a submarine commanded by Kapitänleutnant (Lieutenant) Prien had returned to her base after entering Scapa Flow and torpedoing two British ships. As Prien would have had only hurried glimpses of the scene this belief may well have been a genuine one, though his suggestion that the other ship was H.M.S. Repulse was probably an official embroidery of his report. His own broadcast story said:

"It was quite a job to smuggle ourselves into Scapa Flow through all the British defences. I saw two British warships to the north of me, and discharged torpedoes at them twice. I then turned and left the harbour, as I did not want to be captured. As I was leaving I heard explosions and saw a column of water rising by the British ship farthest to the northward." (This would correspond to the position of the Royal Oak.)

Lieutenant Prien was sent by air to Berlin, where he was received by Hitler and decorated with the Iron Cross. At a later date he appears to have been advanced to the rank of Korvettenkapitän (lieutenant-commander).

HOW the Enterprising Lieutenant Gained Scapa Flow's Open Water

He ultimately lost his life in a U-boat which failed to return from patrol. His exploit, as a legitimate act of war, may be contrasted with the foul deeds of so many U-boat captains, who, as shown clearly by documents produced at the Nuremberg trials, did their utmost to ensure that there should be no survivors from merchant ships torpedoed without warning.

Naturally the Germans allowed no indication to be given of the route taken by Prien's submarine in entering and leaving Scapa Flow. It was almost certain that it could not have been through any of the three main entrances, Hoxa and Switha Sound on the south, Hoy Sound on the west. All three of these entrances were not only well patrolled but closed by nets, with gates which were opened only when required to permit ships to enter or leave.

This left only the narrow, shallow and tortuous entrances on the eastern side of the Flow to be considered. One alone of these was in any sense a practical possibility; this was Holm Sound, to the northward of the island of Burray. Across it lie two smaller islands, between which during the First Great War were sunk a number of merchant ships so arranged as to make the passage impervious to a submarine.

After 1919 these blockships were raised and sold for scrap, but it was understood that arrangements had been made for them to be replaced in emergency. It is not known when this was done, and no official announcement has ever been made on the subject. It seems highly probable, however, that the work of blocking the channels had not been completed on October 14, 1939, so that the enterprising Lieutenant Prien was able to nose his way through Holm Sound and emerge unobserved in the open water of Scapa Flow. He cannot have had an easy passage, for the currents in Holm Sound are very strong, and the most careful navigation must have been required to get through without running aground. This view agrees with that which has been expressed by experienced British submarine officers.

ELECTRICALLY Exploded Mines Blew the Submarine UB 116 to Pieces

In 1914 there was no such unanimity on the subject of the possibility of entering; on October 17 of that year—25 years prior to the loss of the Royal Oak—a general alarm was sounded following a report that an enemy submarine had been spotted inside the Flow. Guns were fired, destroyers zigzagged around at high speed, and the entire Grand Fleet put to sea in haste in case the report might be well-founded. There could hardly have been a more complete contrast with the perplexity of everyone on board the Royal Oak when the first torpedo struck.

Actually no U-boat ever got into Scapa Flow during 1914-18. Only one desperate attempt was made to penetrate the defences, and the issue of that enterprise tended to strengthen the belief that they were impregnable. This incident occurred on October 28, 1918, when the greater part of the German Fleet was already in a state of mutiny prior to the Armistice.

UB 116, with a volunteer complement of officers, set off from Wilhelmshaven with the object of carrying out a last attack on the Grand Fleet, which it was supposed lay in Scapa Flow, though actually it was in the Firth of Forth. Unlike Prien, the captain of UB 116 (Emsmann) regarded Holm Sound as too difficult to attempt, and made his approach by the widest and most direct route through Hoxa Sound. The submarine was duly located on the screen connected with the controlled minefield forming part of the Hoxa defences, and as soon as she was well over the mines they were electrically exploded and the submarine was blown to pieces.

Now that the War is over there seems no reason why a full official account of the circumstances in which the Royal Oak was sunk should not be published. If, as seems probable, there was needless delay in placing blockships in Holm Sound, thus allowing the U-boat to get through, it is time this fact was admitted. It may be assumed that any who may have been adjudged to blame in the matter have long ago been dealt with suitably, and the fact could be stated without names being mentioned.

Unicorn Home With Food-Gifts From Australia

AIRCRAFT CARRIER AND REPAIR SHIP, the 14,500-ton H.M.S. Unicorn recently arrived at Devonport with 5,515 cases of food for Britain—the largest single consignment yet brought from the Commonwealth by the Royal Navy. Members of the ship's company here unload these generous gifts from the people of Sydney and Hobart. The Unicorn also brought home from the Pacific 570 Naval personnel. It was announced in late January 1946 that a further £12,000-worth of gift-food from Australia would arrive here in the battleship King George V.

Photo, G.P.U.

V-Force Acted as the Fourteenth Army's Eyes

Many Burmese tribesmen had never seen a white man, yet in their thousands they flocked as volunteers to V-Force to fight the Japs—an enemy they had never seen. The dramatic story of this Force, which remained secret until December 1945, is told in this article specially written for "The War Illustrated" by one of its leaders, ANTHONY IRWIN, author of "Burmese Outpost."

"V-FORCE! What on earth's that?" I can't begin to count the number of times that question has been put to me. "V Force! What was it?" In short, it was a private Army formed in April 1942 when the Jap seemed certain to push, from his newly-conquered possessions in Burma, over the Indo-Burma frontier into India proper. Its name is derived from the Roman figure V (five).

It was a partisan force, led by British Army officers and local planters, policemen, forest officers or the like. The rank and file were all Burmese. Many tribes were represented, for the country in which this Force operated stretched from the China border down to the Bay of Bengal, 800 miles as the crow flies. Though some of those tribesmen are known to a few Englishmen, others have never been heard of.

We had Nagas from east of Assam, Karens from just east of the Yoma country, Lushais and Chins, Kachins and Mughs, Maraughs and Khumis, Musselman Arakanese from east of Bengal; too many to enumerate in full. There were tens of tribes and tens of thousands of volunteers. Many of these people had never seen a white man, some had never heard of one, few had ever seen a modern rifle or thought possible the existence of the aeroplane. Yet, when we called upon them to turn out from their homes and fight an enemy they had never seen, they came willingly and fought with skill and daring.

Spy Service in Dense Jungles

The original plan for this Force was that in the event of an invasion of India from Burma, parties of patriots should stay in the hills with their white officers and harry the Japs until fresh forces from overseas could drive the invaders back the way they had come. Fortunately, the Jap failed to cross the vast jungle frontier that separates India and Burma, in any strength, and so other work was found for us.

One of the most important of these tasks was to act as eyes to the 14th Army. In that thick jungle country a man cannot see more than ten yards; tracks are strange to him; maps are faulty; the aircraft cannot pick out the hiding enemy as it can in the West; for both sides movement behind the lines is made secret by the very thickness of the jungle. A commander cannot fight his troops efficiently unless he has full knowledge of the movements and dispositions of his enemy. That was where we came in. With our partisans we would pin-point Jap positions, note his movements and inform our Army Commanders.

To do this we had what really boiled down to a glorified spy service: thousands of agents spread over the whole vast area occupied by the enemy. They lived in his villages, even in his camps, acting as his coolies or contractors, some filling important posts for him, such as magistrates or police chiefs or headmen of townships. These agents would send back their information to their British commander, who lived on some lonely hill in the wild jungle ahead of our Army and often behind the enemy's lines. These messages would come to us by hundreds of queer routes. Sometimes a man would walk into a camp and throw a bamboo stick through the doorway of my hut and pass on without a word.

When that stick was broken open a message would be found. Sometimes messages came wrapped up in a cigarette, or inside a melon. One over zealous runner brought one to me in his mouth. He had travelled many miles over impossible country and was so dead beat when he arrived that in his excitement he swallowed the message as he staggered into my hut. He returned to his agent that night, and within 48 hours was back with a copy of the message.

Risks these agents and messengers ran was enormous. If the Jap caught one he received short shrift. And short shrift from a Jap is indeed an unpleasant experience. One of my agents, a man of sixty, was caught, transfixed to the ground with bayonets and, in front of all his village, skinned alive. Eighteen scouts were captured by a large patrol of Japs in 1943. They had been waiting for their officer, who had swum across the Chindwin to try to find the whereabouts of the Jap Corps H.Q. When he returned he found that the Japs had tied each to a tree and castrated them. To a man they bled to death, a longish business.

BURMESE SCOUT U AUNG, whose tribe, the Khumi, lives to the north of Arakan. He had six Japanese to his credit while serving with V-Force. See also facing page.

Yes, the risks were indeed great and the results of being caught unmentionable. The promises of reward were slim. We officers used often to protect ourselves against capture by strapping a grenade on to the backs of our belts. Then, if the worst came to the worst, a sharp tug, the locking-pin dropped from the grenade, and we were safe from immediate hell.

FOR you to realize fully the loyalty of our men, here is something about the people I knew best. I worked with two tribes, the Musselman Arakanese and the Khumis. The latter come from the northern reaches of the Kaladan River and the former live in Arakan, that country which lies south and east of Bengal and is cut off from Burma proper by the Yomas, a great chain of mountains stretching from India down to Rangoon. These Musselmen are an insular people who live a hand-to-mouth existence. They came into the country 200 years ago, at the time of the decline of the Arakan Empire. They are traders and cultivators. They come under the jurisdiction of the Burma Government and are ruled by the District Officers through their own appointed headmen.

When the War came to them they knew nothing about guns or bombs and very little about real national hate. They had not had a particularly fair deal from the Burma Government, being tucked away in a corner of territory geographically more in India than in Burma. Yet when the Jap invaded Arakan they flocked to join us.

Once in, they stood by us through every disaster. They watched two British offensives fail, and they twice saw the Jap plundering their homes. They hated the Jap, hated him far more than they loved us, and it was on account of that hate that they joined us and fought. After a time they came to respect and befriend us, until at the end I firmly believe they would have followed us anywhere. They were not given the chance: as the Army left their country and went on into Burma the Musselman Arakanese remained behind, and today I wonder whether they are forgotten.

Big Price on Officers' Heads

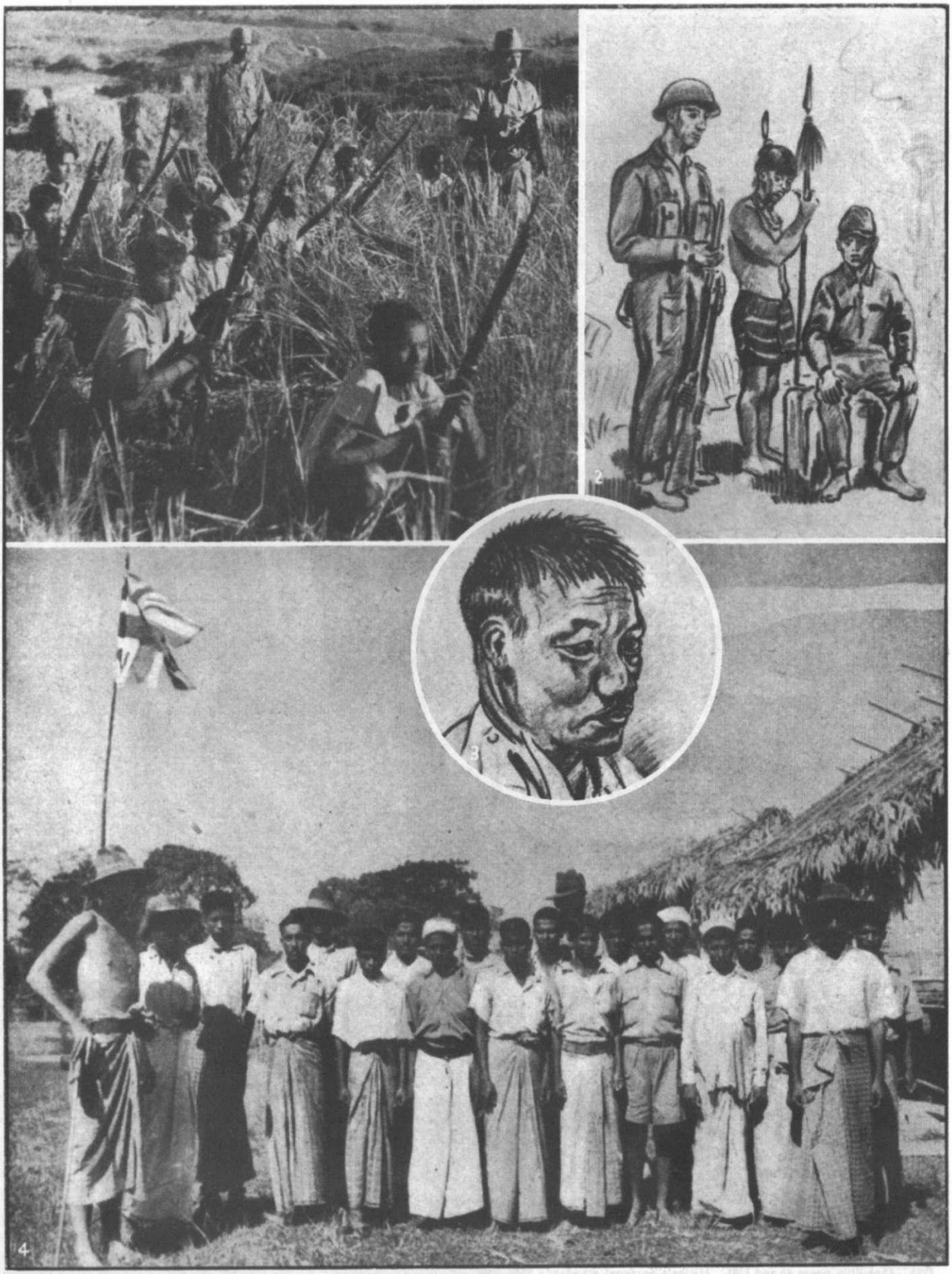
The best way to understand this extraordinary loyalty is to realize that most of the officers were "wanted" by the Jap. So much were they wanted that the Jap put a big price on our heads, money enough to keep a man and his family secure for many years. Although this was known throughout the length and breadth of Arakan, only three men to my knowledge tried to earn that reward; and it was the three men's own villagers who caught them and brought them to us and insisted on their execution. Times without number we had to put ourselves completely in the hands of villagers, trusting implicitly in their loyalty.

IT was not uncommon for an officer, accompanied only by half a dozen unarmed scouts (perhaps, in some cases, they may have had one rifle and a couple of 12-bore shot guns between them) to walk into a Jap-occupied township in broad daylight, go to the headman's house, call a conference of the elders of the village, stay the night, sleeping peacefully, kill a couple of Jap sentries before breakfast and then start off home again. Every man and woman, and even the children, would know of the officer's presence, but not one would consider walking the few yards necessary to tell the Japs about it and earn the large reward.

Such was their loyalty, and their courage and endurance kept pace with it. For three long years they faced dangers new and terrible; their homes were destroyed because they fought with us, and we did not build them again; their country became the home of disease because an Army had passed that way, and though the Army brought doctors and medicine both moved on with the Army and only the disease remained.

Now that the War is finished and we talk glibly of Freedom, we must all remember that Burma is a vast country comprised of many different tribes. If freedom is given to Burma it is given to the largest tribe; that will not bring freedom to the millions who make up those other smaller and varied sections of the community who live amongst the tattered war-torn hills of the Indo-Burma frontier . . . and those were the people who stood by us and succoured us and, by their fortitude, saved many thousands of British lives. We must never forget this.

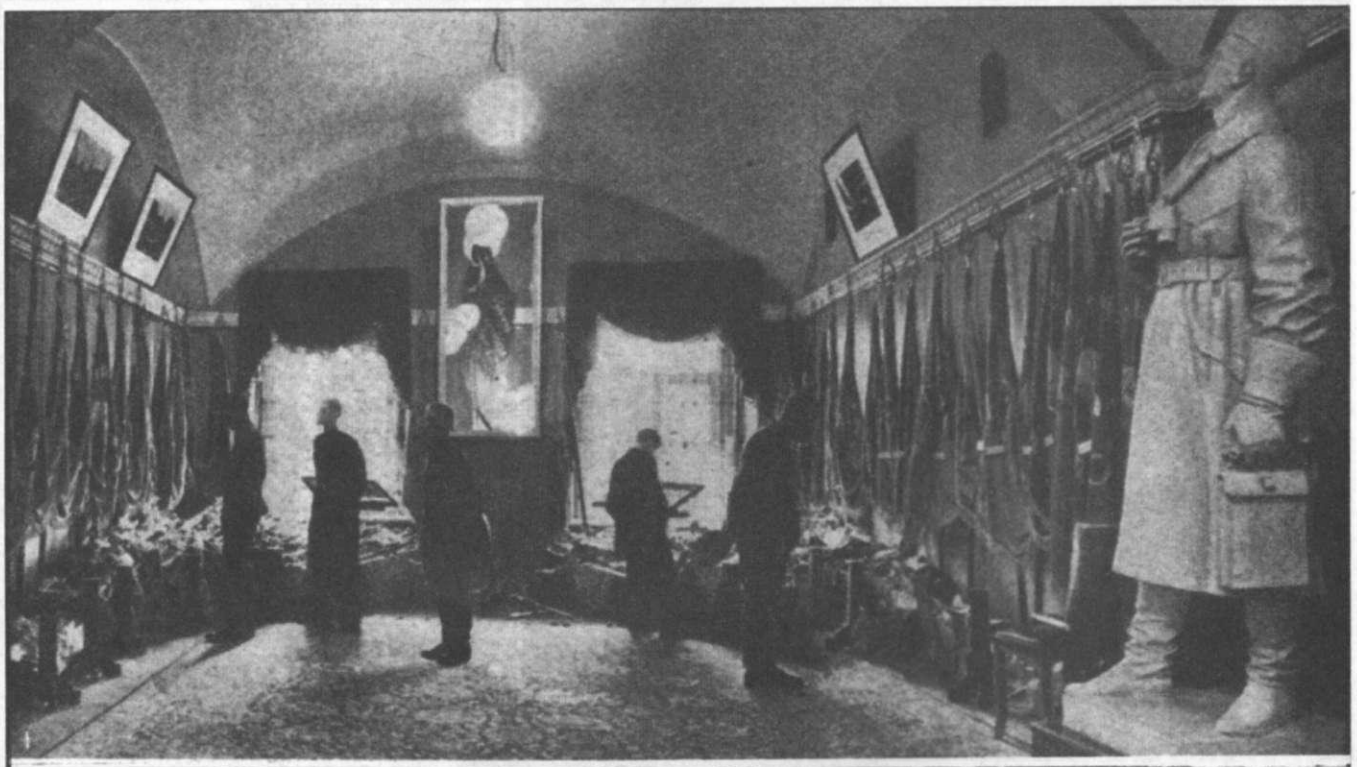
From Burma Villages Loyal Tribesmen Rallied



VOLUNTEERS FROM THE INDIAN AND BURMESE BORDERS, trained under British officers, proved invaluable in guiding patrols and in guerilla fighting during the Burma Campaign of 1942-45. Musselman Arakanese scouts (1) led by Col. Gretton Foster, M.C. (right background) were armed with 80-year-old rifles. A Naga guards his Japanese prisoner (2). Another Naga who acted as interpreter (3). Anthony Irwin (4, extreme left) with his Arakanese scouts at V-force H.Q. at Taung Bazar.

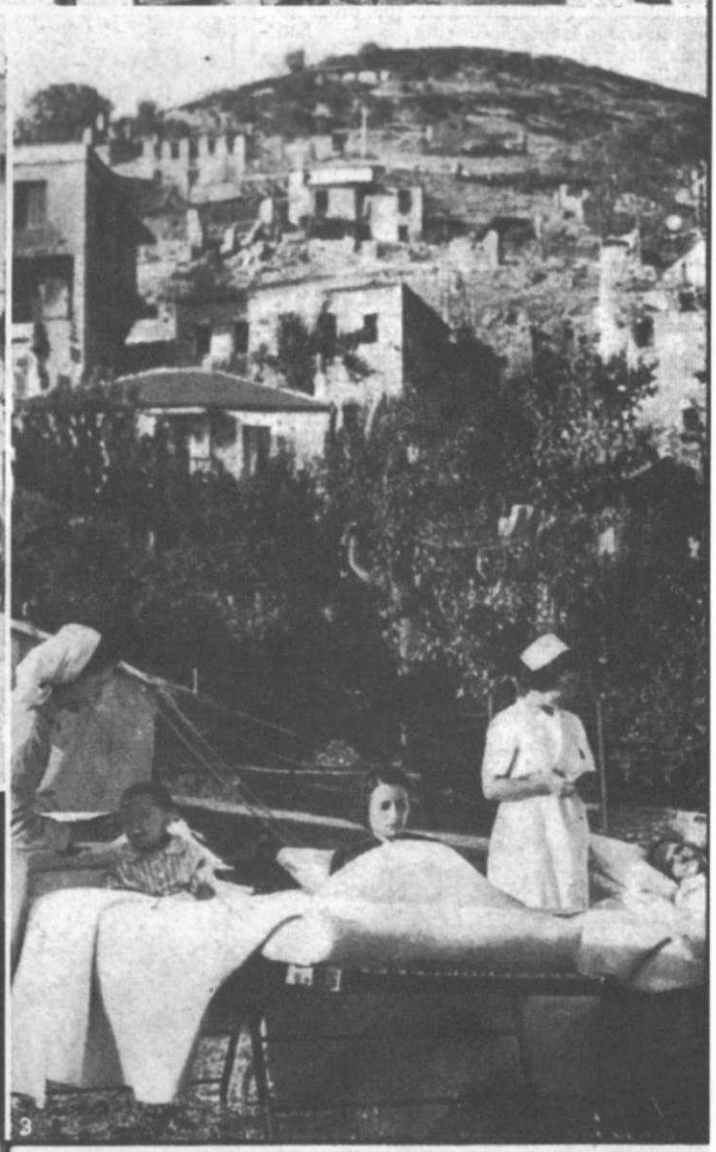
2 and 3 from drawings by Capt. R. I. M. Dubant, SEAC war artist

Victory and Defeat in Moscow's Hall of Banners



IN THE RED ARMY MUSEUM AT MOSCOW the standards of victorious Soviet units stand erect (1), and in a central place of honour is draped the bullet-riddled Banner of Victory—the U.S.S.R. flag which flew from the German Reichstag on April 30, 1945. (See illus. pages 41 and 138). Hitler's personal standard (2) lies at the base of the pedestal on which the Banner of Victory is exhibited, and standards of vanquished German regiments are heaped upon the floor (3). PAGE 650 *Photos, Pictorial Press*

Aid from Britain to Set Greece on Her Feet



THROUGH THE PIRAEUS, port of Athens (1), flow urgently needed supplies from Britain. Indian troops provide necessary guards (2). The village of Karpenision is being rebuilt, and at the field hospital, installed by U.N.R.R.A., Greek nurses attend the patients (3). On Jan. 25, 1946, an Anglo-Greek agreement was signed by Mr. Bevin, British Foreign Secretary (4, right), and M. Tsouderos, Vice-President of the Greek Council of Ministers, whereby Britain provides credit of £10,000,000 for the stabilization of Greek currency. PAGE 651 *Photos, A. P., British Official, Keystone*

Now It Can Be Told!

JAP PRAISE FOR THE GALLANT 'STRONGHOLD'

A BRITISH naval officer lately returned to England after spending nearly four years in a Japanese prisoner of war camp has told for the first time the full story of how H.M. destroyer Stronghold was sunk in a desperate action against a Japanese cruiser and two other warships. The 23-years-old destroyer was sailing from Java to Australia with passengers who had escaped from Singapore, when she was engaged by all three enemy ships. Although almost crippled by gunfire from the cruiser Maya, the destroyer closed for a torpedo attack,

Under a hail of fire she got within 5,000 yards of the cruiser. The forward tubes were out of action; but, wallowing and out of control after her battering, the Stronghold fired her stern tubes. Both torpedoes missed their target. Then the Commanding Officer (Lieutenant-Commander Preyton Pinney, R.N.), a retired officer recalled for the War, collapsed from a thigh wound received earlier in the action and the First Lieutenant (Lieut. W. S. McFarlane, R.N.R.) took over.

Lieutenant McFarlane gave the order to abandon ship when the sinking destroyer had been stopped and was still being shelled heavily. A few minutes later she blew up and disappeared. As Lieutenant I. D. Forbes, R.N., senior surviving officer, stepped aboard the Japanese cruiser the enemy Commander praised the Stronghold for "a very gallant action, worthy of the Royal Navy!"

The action was for Lieutenant Forbes the culmination of a series of grim adventures. As First Lieutenant of a Chinese river gunboat, Grasshopper, evacuating a mixed battalion of Royal Marines and Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders from Singapore, he had fought back at waves of attacking Japanese bombers. He saw the Dragonfly, a sister ship, sunk and the Grasshopper, a blazing wreck, beached on an uninhabited island.

Eventually he reached Sumatra. Chief Petty Officer Verrion was his invaluable companion on the journey. Lieutenant Forbes last saw Verrion aboard the Stronghold taking charge of a gun and "by his calm and efficient manner during a particularly gory and hopeless battle" setting a fine example.

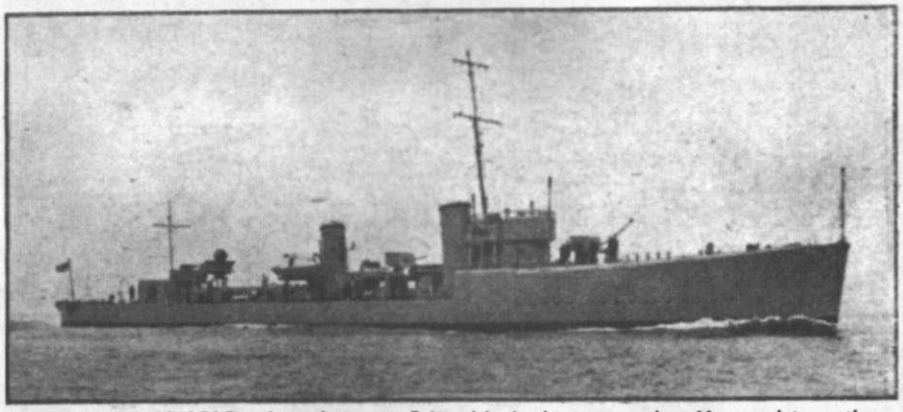
THIS IS HOW AMERICA CAME INTO THE WAR

A THREE-WORD sentence radioed from Tokyo on Dec. 5—"Climb Mount Niitaka"—launched the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbour on Dec. 7, 1941. Information of the exact signal which brought the United States into the war was received at Washington on Nov. 16, 1945, from Gen. MacArthur, Allied Supreme Commander, a Daily Telegraph correspondent reported.

From captured documents and the questioning of the Japanese High Command the United States now possess a fairly comprehensive picture of Japanese preparations for the attack.

While the Japanese Fleet was waiting to strike, about 1,000 miles from Hawaii, it was kept informed of the movement of all ships in and out of Pearl Harbour through coded messages broadcast openly over Honolulu's commercial station.

The success of the attack exceeded Japan's wildest expectations. They were prepared to lose one-third of their task force, which included two battleships, two heavy cruisers, six aircraft carriers, 16 destroyers, four light cruisers, 20 first-class submarines and five midget submarines. Actual Japanese losses were no more than 27 planes and five midget submarines.



H.M.S. STRONGHOLD, whose desperate fight with the Japanese cruiser Maya and two other warships early in 1942 is described in this page. Completed in 1919, she had a displacement of 905 tons and carried a complement of 98. *Photo, Wright and Logan*

GRAND WORK OF ALLIED OFFICERS IN SIAM

THE Siamese Resistance Movement owed much to British officers who were first sent into Siam secretly early in 1945. Siamese officers of the British Army had arrived in the previous year, for the Free Siamese in the United States and Britain had declared their allegiance to the Allies as soon as the Japanese occupied their country in the opening attack in December 1941.

The Resistance Movement risked their lives continually in order to organize, arm and train their forces for the day when they hoped they would be able to strike at the Japanese. That day never came, for Japan surrendered first. The Siamese had not risen earlier because they received orders from outside that they were not to strike except in co-ordination with the general Allied strategic plan.

The British, American and Siamese officers, who went into Siam to organize the Resistance army and distribute arms, were often on the run or hiding in the jungle, for the Japanese never slackened their efforts to hunt down the Resistance leaders. Yet thousands joined the movement. It would become known in a village or country town that a certain patriot was enrolling recruits. Men would approach him secretly and be instructed where to meet for training. In ones and twos the men would make their way to the meeting places in the jungle and mountains.

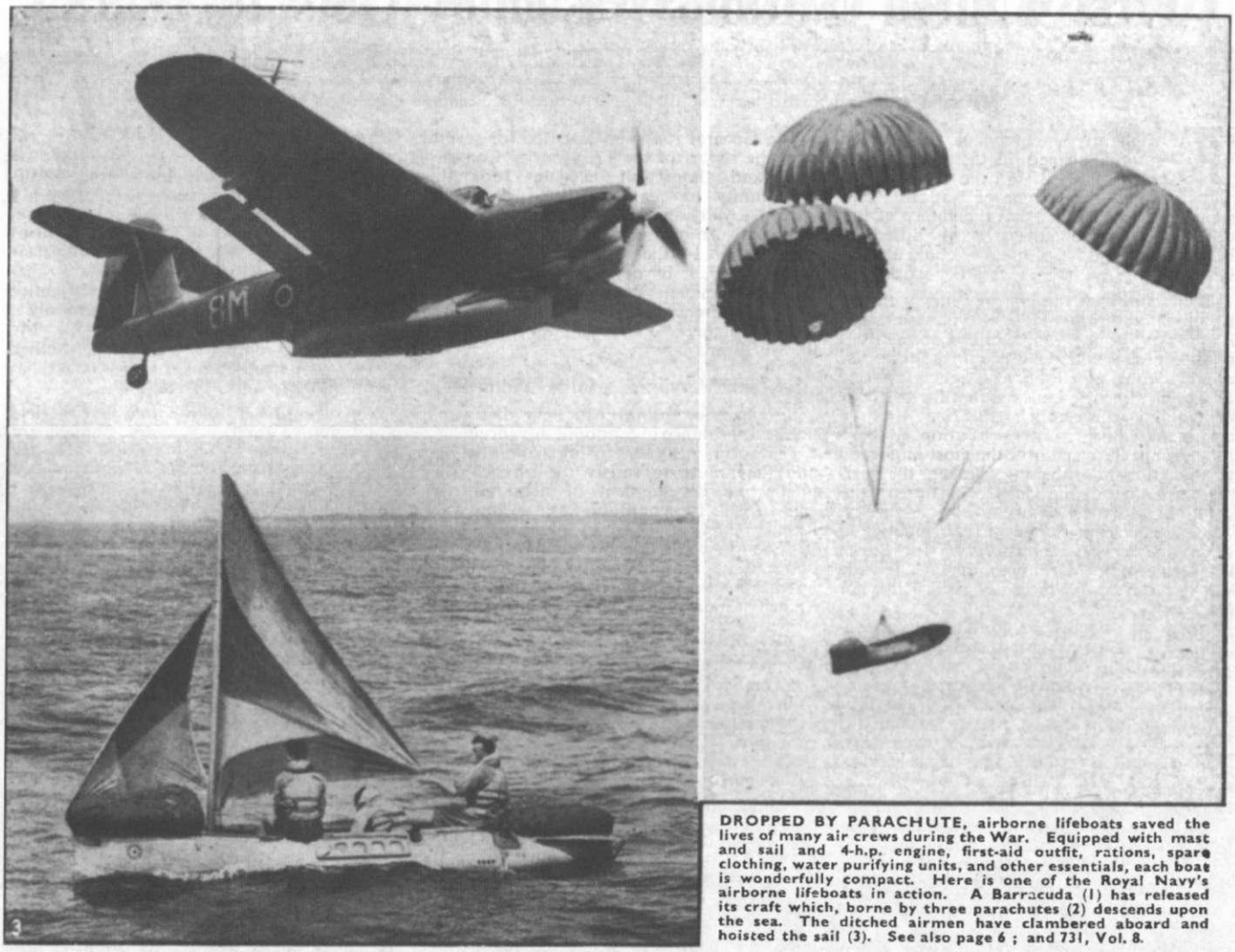
When the Japs Became Suspicious

In addition to military training the Resistance provided an espionage system which gave the Allies information of enormous value on troop movements and concentrations. Secretly leading and supporting the movement were many of the highest political, service and police leaders in Siam. As the movement spread the Japanese became suspicious, and their commander in Bangkok issued a public statement in June 1945 that he knew all about the existence of secret landing-grounds for men and arms in the North. He added that it was about time the Siamese became more co-operative.

THEY did—but not with the Japanese. They were put to the test, for they had to stay underground, often retreating, and wait for the day of rising. They carried out their orders, with the result that when the War ended they provided a first-rate organization for helping Allied prisoners who were awaiting release in their camps.

Some British officers sent to lead the Resistance owe their lives to the Siamese who, instead of turning them over to the Japanese, gave them shelter. Thus they operated with the underground movement in all parts of Siam, and at the time of the surrender they had established themselves actually in Bangkok—in the shadow of the Japanese 18th Army's H.Q.

GERMAN RADAR WAS DEFEATED BY 'TINSEL'—aluminium foil strips (known also as "chaff") first dropped by the R.A.F. in 1942, which reflected enemy radar signals and gave the impression of numerous aircraft approaching from different directions. As shown here, the packets of tinsel, each weighing 2 oz., were released by the airman from a special chute in the plane's radio room, the strips breaking away and fluttering down independently. *Photo, Keystone*



DROPPED BY PARACHUTE, airborne lifeboats saved the lives of many air crews during the War. Equipped with mast and sail and 4-h.p. engine, first-aid outfit, rations, spare clothing, water purifying units, and other essentials, each boat is wonderfully compact. Here is one of the Royal Navy's airborne lifeboats in action. A Barracuda (1) has released its craft which, borne by three parachutes (2) descends upon the sea. The ditched airmen have clambered aboard and hoisted the sail (3). See also page 6; and 731, Vol. 8.

SECRETS OF THE NAVY'S PARACHUTE LIFEBOAT

An airborne lifeboat which could be dropped from a large bomber, yet compact enough to be carried in the torpedo-bay of a shipborne plane and strong enough to withstand heavy weather, was tried out in the Solent by naval and civil technicians of the Royal Naval Safety Equipment School. It was dropped on three parachutes by a Barracuda aircraft from a height of 700 ft. As it landed on the water three men, who had been standing by in a rubber dinghy, clambered on board, and within a few minutes were sailing smartly towards the harbour.

It is "bombed up" in the aerial torpedo bay of the aircraft. During its descent three rockets were fired electrically—one carrying out a sea anchor to keep the boat's head to wind, the other two on either beam carrying 150 yards of buoyant line for the rescued men to seize and thus haul themselves into the boat.

The lifeboat, 17 ft. 9 ins. long, and with full equipment weighing 1,200 lb., is built of two mahogany skins supported by linseed oil-soaked fabric. It is fitted with buoyancy chambers, fore and aft, which are automatically inflated as the boat leaves the aircraft, ensuring self-righting in all weathers. In a rough sea the boat rights itself from a complete capsize in 12 seconds.

Besides its mast and set of sails, it carries a 4-h.p. auxiliary engine which produces a speed of 4½ knots over a range of 120 miles. Rudder, drop keel, bilge pump, rope ladders, oars and compass are all provided, and a complete survival equipment is carried in watertight hatches. This includes water-purifying units sufficient to make 45 pints, self-heating soup, condensed milk, cigarettes, flying rations, a heliograph, first-aid outfits, supplies of warm clothing, and a radio transmitter with range of 200 miles.

THE ARMY CAMOUFLAGED THE NAVY'S SHIPS

In the summer of 1943 the Naval authorities operating small vessels in the Aegean area were concerned because these craft were easily spotted from the air. Several of them were shot up, and it was thought desirable that camouflage should be used to make them less conspicuous. The ships were being operated from the coast of Syria and the Lebanon, and so it was of the Army authorities in this area—the 9th Army—that a Naval officer one day asked for help. The Camouflage Branch immediately set to work, and although at that time the disguise of ships was a new venture to them they soon evolved a suitable technique.

Reconnaissance along the coasts of the Green Islands prior to October 1943 was carried out by caiques—familiar craft in these waters, innocent in appearance, and used principally for fishing purposes. It was possible for them to mingle with other caiques, and to go into ordinary fishing areas and harbours without attracting attention. Their movements, however, were limited, for, if they went into areas not usually frequented by such craft, they became conspicuous. In such circumstances, movement by caique had to be by night.

If, however, day movement became necessary, the craft relied upon the disguise inherent in its design, to deceive the enemy. Berthing along the shores of enemy territory had to be done by skilful siting of the craft, and as far away as possible from habitation. It was soon realized that if special camouflage could be used, giving concealment from the ground and the air, reconnaissance could be extended to more dangerous waters.

Experiments were carried out along the coast of the Lebanon, and a camouflage factory was set up at Tripoli to manufacture the equipment necessary. Having prepared some trial nets, camouflage officers went up the coast in a vessel 33 ft. long and having a crew of eight. The plan was to take the vessel out to an island and conceal it by a given time, when it could be observed and photographed from the air. Unfortunately, the vessel's engine broke down and the craft had to put into the nearest port.

A messsage was sent to the aircraft, and although only half an hour was allowed for concealment, and despite the fact that the ship's captain could not spend time finding the most suitable anchorage, the ship was effectually concealed. The plane had on board a pilot and two observers, all of whom knew the size and shape of the ship and its approximate location, but they could not find it. When the result of the experiment were shown to the Naval authorities they decided to adopt it. Because these methods were probably being used in Japanese waters the story could not be told until recently.

First United Nations Assembly Gets to Work

It was not to be expected that the Assembly comprising delegates from 51 nations meeting in London to decide the fate of the world would be altogether free of "growing pains." Tough problems were early presented, as revealed by this account, specially written for "The War Illustrated" by an impartial observer, RUGGERO ORLANDO. See also illus. pages 655-658.

THE General Assembly of the United Nations opened its first session on January 10, 1946, the twenty-sixth anniversary of the League of Nations. Few were aware of the fact that the choice of this date was in itself controversial : the difference between two schools of thought could already be noticed during the preparatory work.

One school of thought, in line with the reformist tradition of the West, maintained that errors in the past would not justify a complete break with the Geneva tradition. The other school, revolutionary and supported by Eastern Europe, believed that the best way of avoiding past errors was to deny the past and break with it. This revolutionary thesis prevailed in the clash over the most important organizational problem—whether the permanent home for the United Nations organization should be in Europe or in America. And it was clearly stated in the Executive of the Preparatory Commission by the Soviet delegate, Andrei Gromyko, that "The old world has had it once, and it is time for the New World to have it."

However, one of the convinced supporters of the Western school, the Belgian Foreign Minister Paul Henri Spaak, was expected to be unanimously elected President of the first session of the General Assembly. The Prime Minister, Mr. Clement Attlee, welcomed the Assembly in London with a speech that defined the aims of the new organization as "not just the negation of war, but the creation of a world of security and freedom." Then the deputy leader of the Soviet delegation unexpectedly proposed as president Mr. Trygve Lie, Foreign Minister of Norway. But Mr. Spaak was elected by 28 votes to 23.

Naturally the Soviet move, which had caused a division in the Assembly on the very day of its inauguration, was widely discussed. One of the most frequent comments heard was that Moscow was attempting to separate the Scandinavian countries from what the Soviet Press calls "the Western bloc." Others expressed the belief that the U.S.S.R. opposed Spaak because he is a typical representative of the Geneva tradition.

Most Powerful Body in History

Tension slackened when it came to the election of the six non-permanent members of the Security Council and of the 18 members of the Economic and Social Council. The Security Council is the most powerful body in all history. It can settle disputes, decide on economic and diplomatic sanctions and finally on peace or war. Nothing and nobody outside the Council is strong enough to obstruct it. But, according to many opinions, its work can all too easily be hampered from within. Article 27 of the San Francisco Charter demands that all decisions, except those on matters of procedure, "shall be made by an affirmative vote of seven members, including the concurring votes of the permanent members," that is to say, China, France, U.S.S.R., U.K., and U.S.A.—a provision generally known as "the right of veto" by the Big Five.

The Security Council held its inaugural meeting on January 17. It was presided over by Mr. Makin, Australian Minister for the Navy. Each delegate made a speech. Mr. Vincent-Auriol of France reminded the Council that exactly 75 years ago "the German Empire had been founded by Bismarck. We may reflect now on the fall of this empire of violence ; today marks in a very special sense the beginning of a new era of law and justice among peoples and nations."

The General Assembly debated for several days the report of the Preparatory Commission, and almost all delegates took this opportunity to reaffirm their will to cooperate loyally and make the United Nations a success. In opening the general discussion on January 14 the American Secretary of State, Mr. F. J. Byrnes, reiterated the pledge given by President Truman at the San Francisco Conference : "The responsibility of the great States is to serve and not to dominate the world."

Major Anxieties of the Moment

Speaking for Britain, Mr. Bevin laid stress on the importance of economic advancement : "The social disorders rising from the War and the failure to satisfy the physical and intellectual development of mankind may lead to still further troubles and serious conflicts. The task which thus devolves upon the Economic and Social Council is an urgent one and has just as great and important a bearing on world security and peace as the Security Council." Mr. Bevin also said his Government had decided to place the mandates in Africa, granted to her by the League of Nations, under the trusteeship system.

The Soviet delegate, Mr. Gromyko, urged the "decisive rejection of voices speaking of the Charter as already obsolete and needing revision." He uttered a warning : "The organization of the United Nations was born as a result of bloody battles against Fascism. It would, however, be a mistake to consider that military victory over Fascism removes the necessity for the further persistent struggle for the eradication and complete liquidation of Nazi-Fascism which still remains."

The Persian delegate, Seyed Hassan Taqizadeh, sounded a note of immediate concern : "We wished that, like many other fellow-members, we were attending this Assembly free from major anxieties. But we can hardly refrain from referring to the very disturbing situation prevailing in Persia. We must reserve our right to bring the question before the Assembly."

Many a delegate, and above all the American Secretary of State, had expressed the desire "to avoid casting excessive burdens upon the new institutions, especially in their infancy." However, the Persian speech was soon followed by a formal request of the delegation that "interference of the Soviet Union in the internal affairs of Persia should be brought to the attention of the Security Council." Not wanting to appear as the only defendants before the new organization, the Russian, followed by the Ukrainian delegation, asked for inquiries into the presence of British troops in Greece and Indonesia.

THUS the Security Council, less than a fortnight after its inauguration, was facing three extremely serious problems. Before meeting for the second time on January 25, the President of the Security Council received a letter from the leader of the Soviet delegation, Mr. Andrei Vyshinsky, who had just arrived in London, stating that the Persian allegation was "in contradiction with reality." The letter quoted former Persian statements, acknowledging the legality of Soviet activities in Persia, and concluded, "The Soviet delegation regards the appeal of the Persian delegation to the Security Council as without any foundation, and is categorically opposed to the consideration of the mentioned appeal."

The most dramatic meeting, so far, in the life of the organization then followed. Near Mr. Vyshinsky sat Mr. Bevin, who opposed the Soviet proposal to exclude the Persian issue from discussion, with the words, "I am very anxious that complainants should be heard by the Council, whoever they may be." Then, rather out of order, he went on to tackle also the Greek and Indonesian questions : "In the case of Greece, I shall offer no objections to the fullest investigation and discussion. Indonesia is primarily a matter for the Dutch Government," Mr. van Kleffens, representative of the Netherlands, also agreed that his Government had no objection to an investigation.

Mr. Edward Stettinius, Jnr. (the American representative on the Security Council and leader of the U.S. delegation after Mr. Byrnes' departure for Washington on January 24), submitted that the correspondence from the delegations of Persia, Soviet Union and Ukraine should be listed on the agenda of the Security Council for consideration. Further debate followed, Mr. Vyshinsky assuming that to examine a complaint should not necessarily mean it to be "considered." Mr. Bevin objected : "I do not want the situation to arise that after going through all the performance of hearing the case, somebody says that the Council cannot discuss it."

The Big Problem of Trusteeship

The President answered that it was up to the Council itself, at its next meeting on January 28, "to determine just how it shall treat this particular subject, and by its own resolution it will be able to proceed as it will wish to the consideration of these subjects."

On January 28 the Persian delegate, Mr. Taqizadeh, was admitted to the Security Council. He stated that his Government was prepared to negotiate with Moscow, but under the supervision of the Security Council. The Soviet delegate, Mr. Vyshinsky, on the same day and again at the meeting of January 30, agreed to negotiate but opposed the last Persian demand asking for the removal of the question from the Council's agenda. After four hours' spirited debate the Council unanimously approved a proposal by Mr. Bevin that direct negotiations between the two parties be started, both of them being requested to inform the Council of any result achieved, and the Council reserving its right to request information at any time. Another important decision reached in this initial stage of the United Nations' life was the nomination of the General Secretary of the organization, in the person of the Norwegian Foreign Secretary, Mr. Trygve Lie.

Amongst the many organizational questions, the problem of trusteeship aroused lively discussion. The Preparatory Commission recommended that "the States administering territories under League of Nations mandate undertake practical steps, in concert with other States directly concerned, for agreements on the terms of trusteeship." The Arab States want now to clarify the meaning of "other States directly concerned." Obviously they think it should entitle them to have a say in the thorny question of Palestine. South Africa claimed special treatment for her mandate of South-West Africa, as it was one applying to the same territory as that of the mandatory power.

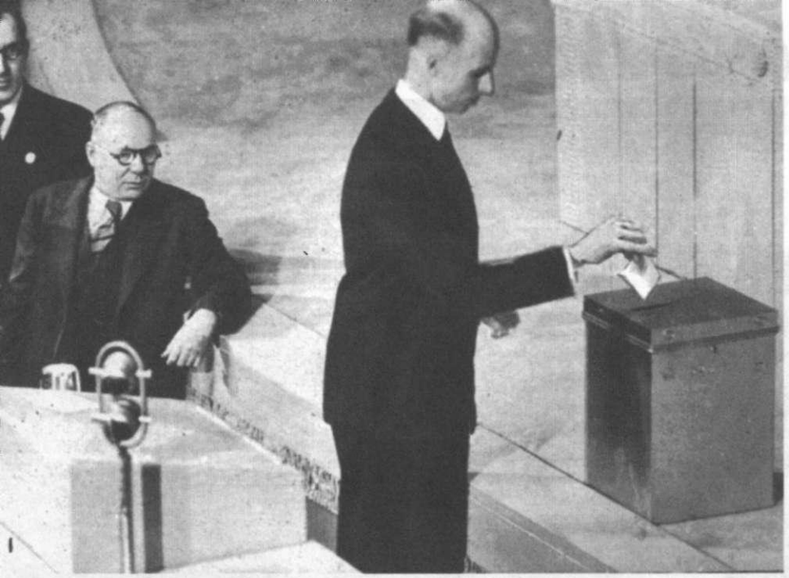
The World Federation of Trade Unions, representing 70,000,000 workers, asked for a permanent seat on the Economic and Social Council. While the San Francisco Charter does not recognize representation by any body but a *nation*, many delegations are sympathetic to the claim of the workers of the world.

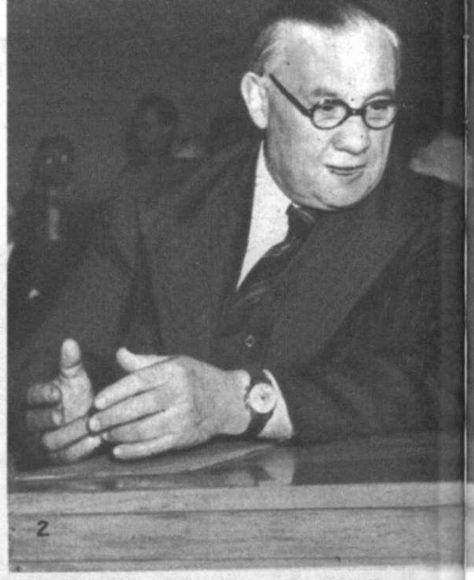
World Peace is Planned in London

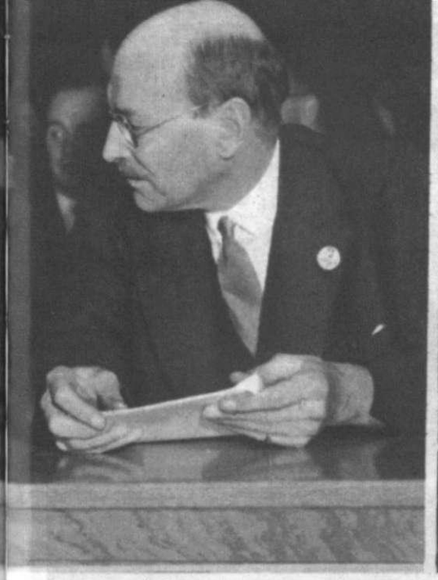
Photo, Associated Press

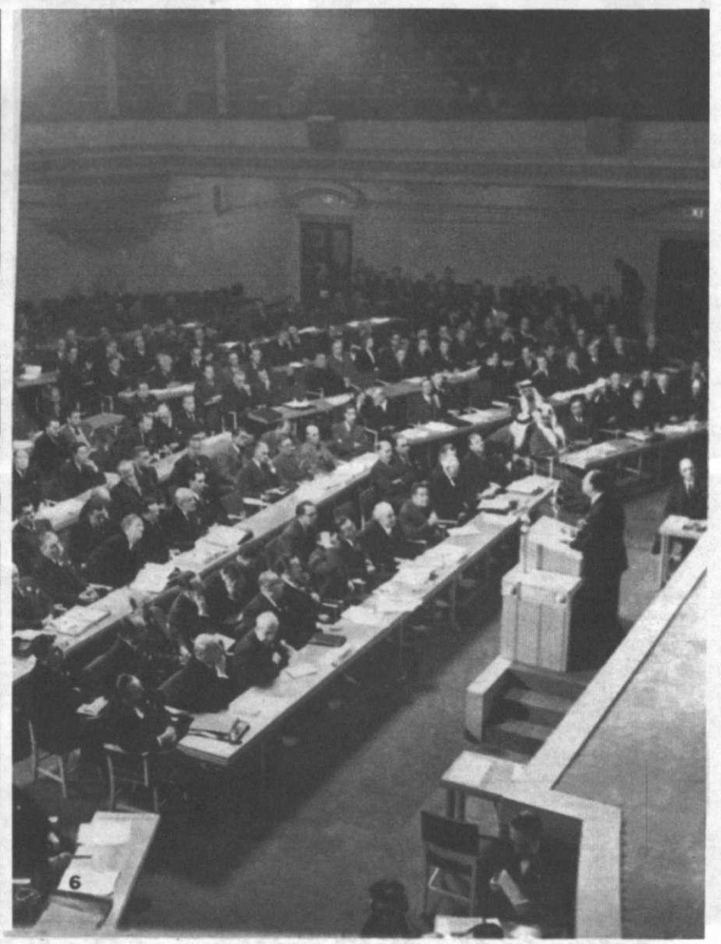
Freedom's Flags Unfurled in Solemn Unity

Unfamiliar to the Londoner as to the delegates from 51 nations were many of the national flags above the entrance to the Central Hall, Westminster, on January 10, 1946: the actual San Francisco flags (see page 52) were draped inside. "Gathered in this ancient home of liberty and order," for the first Assembly of the United Nations Organization, delegates were determinedly approaching some of the weightiest problems this world has ever known. See also illus. pages 624–625.









Choice Between Life and Death to be Made—

" Our ultimate aim," said Mr. Clement Attlee, the Prime Minister, addressing the U.N.O. on Jan. 10, " is not just the negation of war but the creation of a world governed by justice and the moral law." On Jan. 12, votes were cast to elect the six non-permanent members of the Security Council: Dr. E. N. van Kleffens, Netherlands Foreign Minister, about to place his vote in the ballot box (1). Mr. Attlee in discussion with Mr. Ernest Bevin, the British Foreign Secretary (2).

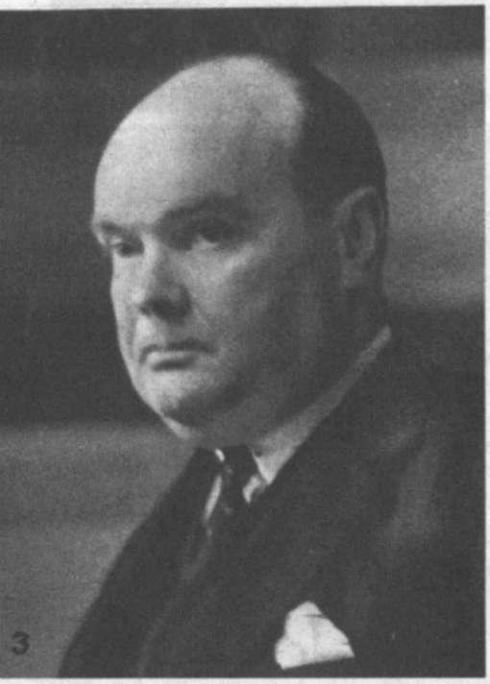
Photos, New York Times Photos, Associated Press, P.A.-Reuter, Fox, G.P.U.

—By the Peoples of the World in Assembly

Mr. J. F. Byrnes, U.S. Secretary of State (3), addressed the delegates on January 14, when the U.N.O. debated the report of the Preparatory Commission. A bird's-eye view of the Assembly (4): in the top left corner is the Organization's emblem of world peace. Mr. Clement Attlee attended a Government banquet to the United Nations delegates in the famous Painted Hall at the Royal Naval College, Greenwich (5), on January 15. One of the many interpreters (6) at the Assembly.

1

2



3

4

5

6

7

Active in the Deliberations of the U.N.O.

Photos, Barratts, P.A.-Reuter, Planet News

United Kingdom representatives (1), Mr. E. Bevin, Foreign Secretary (right) and Mr. Noel Baker, Minister of State. Saudi Arabia (2), H.R.H. the Emir Feisal, Foreign Minister (left) and H.E. Sheikh Hafiz Wahba. Belgium (3), M. Paul Henri Spaak, Foreign Minister and President of the Assembly. U.S.S.R. (4), M. Andrei Gromyko, Ambassador to Washington. Norway (5), M. Trygve Lie, Foreign Minister. Canada (6, l. to r.), Rt. Hon. L. St. Laurent, Minister of Justice, Mr. Gordon Graydon, Mr. Paul Martin. Australia (7, l. to r.) Mr. Paul Hasluck, Lt.-Col. W. R. Hodgson, Prof. K. H. Bailey.

The Ordeal of Cassino

A Review by HAMILTON FYFE

I HAVE just read a book that gives a clearer, and I think truer, picture of what war is like to the soldier than any I have read before. If the War were not over I should not call attention to The Monastery (John Lane, 7s. 6d.). I don't think it is a book to be read while fighting goes on, either by the soldiers or by their relatives and friends at home. It is too true—terribly, appallingly true of the sensitive, the imaginative, those whose intellect revolts against the stupidity of war and whose nerves are constantly flayed by its dirt and dullness and danger.

The author of The Monastery, F. Majdalany, is one of those. Whether he is British-born does not appear. He is an officer in an infantry regiment, and his battalion took part in the gradual and painful reduction of Monte Cassino in the first months of 1944, which cost us so many lives and was such a wasteful delay on the road to victory.

You will remember how some people became very agitated about the ancient buildings on the top of the hill, two thousand feet above the town of Cassino, which the Germans had turned into a strongpoint, believing it could never be taken (see pages 653, 655, Vol. 7, and 88–89, Vol. 8). These critics thought that we ought not to destroy a holy place just because it happened to lie across our road from Naples to Rome and because some Germans were there. I should like to make such silly sentimentalists read this book. I should like to have put some of them just where Majdalany's battalion was for over a month, about half-way between the town and the summit.

Death in the Air All the Time

Here, in the foremost positions, which the same men held for six days at a time, it was impossible to move by day without being seen by the enemy and at once bombarded. All the hours of daylight had to be spent cramped in a narrow shelter. This could be made comfortable with blankets, and "a good proportion of the day was devoted to sleep. But with shells and mortar-bombs sleep was seldom unbroken. All a man had to look forward to at the end of the day was a meal of half-warm meat pasties and another long night of straining alertness. And all daylight activities, whether eating or anything else, had to be conducted in the lying position." Nerve-shattering indeed!

When a company was relieved after its six days, "limbs and muscles were so stiff that men frequently had great difficulty in marching out of their positions." What they marched to was not exactly luxurious. They lived in what had once been shepherds' houses reduced to "a decaying mass of rubble and battle wreckage." They shared these with large numbers of centipedes and other crawling things, "which had a disconcerting habit of dropping suddenly and silently from above, which made them even more unpleasant than shells. Shells are not nice, but you can hear them coming."

Then there was the Smell, that old familiar smell which "pervades the world of the Infantry, which is universal and haunting, the smell of death." Decomposing bodies were all too frequently encountered. Death was in the air all the time. The knowledge that they were being watched from enemy observation posts made them feel as if they were "being suddenly stripped of their clothes." They could feel the eyes watching them. They waited for the result of their being spotted. Sometimes it came, sometimes it didn't. But either way you had that feeling of insecurity, of hidden peril lurking above you.

In the darkness there was "the familiar dread which is inseparable from night-time in the line. Will there be a counter-attack? What's hatching in the Monastery?" As a consequence of this jumpiness there were false alarms. Lights would be reported. Perhaps they had been there, perhaps it was the sentry's strained sight which imagined them. "Sentries were always reporting lights." In any case Very lights were "a commonplace in the routine of the front line."

> **Being attacked by night is particularly unnerving because you cannot tell whether there are twenty of the enemy or a whole battalion. If two machine-guns can infiltrate through your positions and open fire from behind, the most dogged temperament finds it hard to resist the impression that it is surrounded.**

After the report of lights comes a good deal of sporadic firing. "Nobody speaks, unless it is just to pass a message on the telephone or the wireless. They just stood or leaned or sat motionless—and fancied they could hear their heart-beats." When the firing eased off and it became clear that nothing out-of-the-ordinary was to happen, they began to talk again. "They made the rather forced little jokes which always follow a period of fear."

Eight Hours to Dressing-Station

That is frank enough, and the author is not less straightforward in describing the dullness of the in-between times. "Life resolved itself into that deadly sameness which is the hardest thing of all to bear in war. A sustained emptiness of dull repetition, relieved only by spasms of danger and the dread that goes with it. The same old thing day after day. The same, small dull things happening time after time."

I have sensed that dreariness so often when I have been visiting troops as a war reporter. They try to hide it from outsiders. "The chances are that a casual visitor would notice none of it. He would go away and say 'Yesterday I went to see the So-and-So's near Cassino. They were in good heart. What a cheery lot they are! Amazing how those chaps stick it!'" But I wasn't a casual visitor. I was a student of war—and human nature. I knew how they felt under their masks of cheeriness. I have seen the same sort of scarcely bearable boredom among officers at home during the past War. Planted in some out-of-the-way spot, sick of it and themselves and one another!

EVERYTHING needed on that slope of the Cassino hill had to be dragged up from the town. There were stretcher-bearer posts all along the track at intervals of two hundred yards and a dressing-station at the bottom. Casualties were handed on from one post to another, but it often meant that "a chap is lucky if he gets to the dressing-station within eight hours of being hit, or without being dropped once or twice on a wet night." If you weren't wounded, one of the torments was the scarcity of water, which had to be brought up like everything else. By rigorous rationing, half an inch of water at the bottom of a petrol can could be shared among three men for shaving. Teeth could be cleaned without water, "except for a few drops to clean the brush, and damp early morning grass does just as well." Shaving was considered necessary; it "works wonders with one's morale." Does it in fact? Or is that merely a tradition? The Navy does not always need it. Submarine crews, for example, do not always shave.

Soldiers are like schoolboys in sticking to old formulas and habits—and in other ways, too. For example, a kind of game was played three or four times a day, and a dozen times a night; a sort of duel, or "a lethal shooting match." First light mortars would get to work, with rifle grenades. Then heavier mortars, then artillery. "It was really just a great big game of cowboys and Indians, with the unfortunate difference that someone always had to die and more had to be maimed." Thus during the four and a half weeks that the battalion held that position on Monte Cassino, in spite of its having "a quiet time," over 70 officers and men were lost. "In any other arm of the Service that would be considered a lot for a period of 'doing nothing.'"

MANY of those losses were among the food carriers. Both sides did all they could to kill the men toiling up with provisions. "Above all we went for the mountain tracks and passes where we knew their ration parties had to walk . . . We poured shells all along the routes the German mules and porters had to take, for the chances are in this kind of battle that if you kill one man carrying food half a dozen men will go hungry the next day." It would be hard to write a sentence summing up more succinctly the loathsomeness, the devilishness of war.

When relief came, the battalion marched down the hill and through the town "in the way of the Infantry, their feet scarcely leaving the ground, their bodies rocking mechanically from side to side as if that was the only way they could lift their legs. You could see it required the last ounce of their mental and physical energy to move their legs at all." Yet they looked as if they could keep on moving like that for ever. Their staring eyes seemed to see nothing. No one sang or whistled, hardly anyone spoke. "Their clothes were torn and ragged. They carried their weapons every conceivable way they could be carried. Every few minutes they would change shoulders or change positions. The heavier burdens, like the Brens and the mortars, were passed along from one to another. Every man took his turn."

Back to the Final Assault

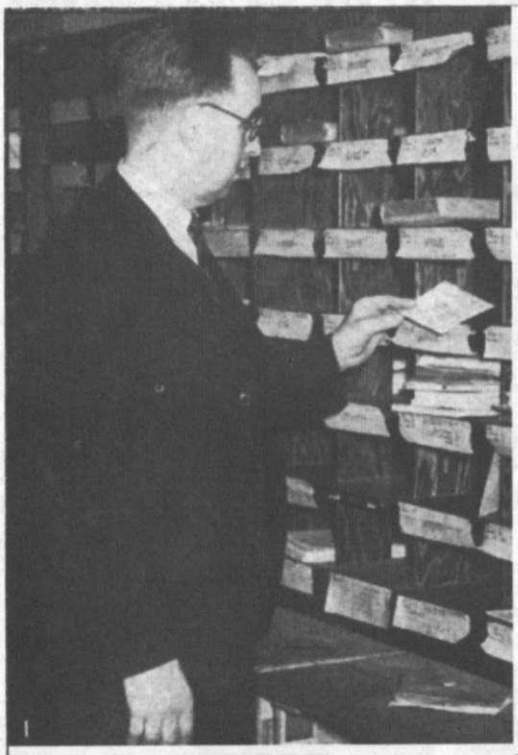
The general was waiting at the junction of the tracks in the olive groves to watch his men march in. "When they came to the place where the trucks were an officer led them off and helped them to drag their leaden bodies into the backs of the vehicles, where they collapsed in sleep. As soon as a truck was filled it rumbled off down the dusty road, taking the sleeping men from the battlefield."

At last they came to country where it was spring, and for ten days or so they rested. Then came the order to go back. The division to which they belonged was to take part in the final assault. To picture what is involved when a division takes the road, imagine, says the author, a town of 15,000 inhabitants moving in its entirety to an area fifty or more miles away.

> **Imagine the town being given a few hours' notice to pack into lorries all its inhabitants, the contents of all its shops; its petrol stocks and all mechanical stores and plant; its business and administrative files and records; everything, in fact, essential to its daily existence. Imagine it setting off one morning in its vehicles and by the afternoon being established in a new location that is only an expanse of fields: not only established but carrying out its normal work without anyone having gone without a meal. That is how it is when a division moves.**

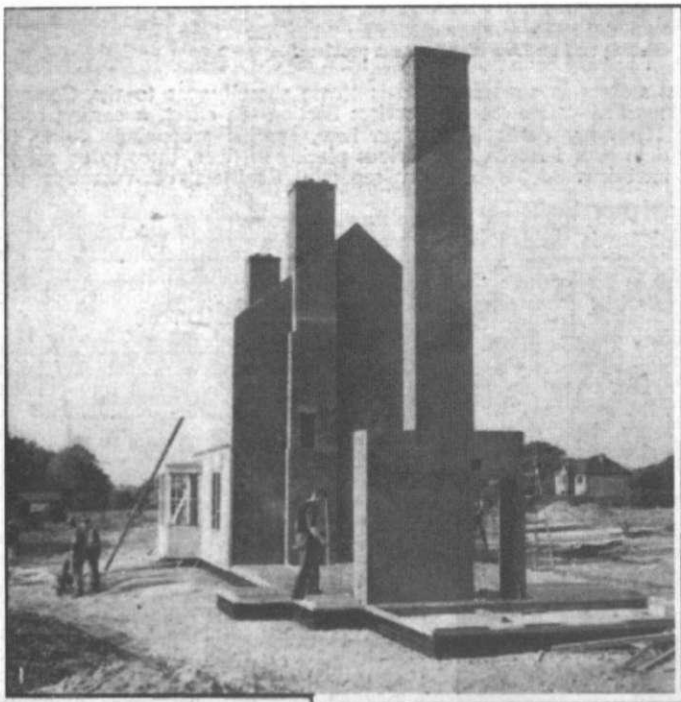
Well, that is certainly a bouquet for the Army, and one which it deserves. If we can harness the administrative ability which accomplishes that miracle to the tasks of Peace, tackle our industrial problems with the same quiet orderliness and forethought, we can look into the future without fear.

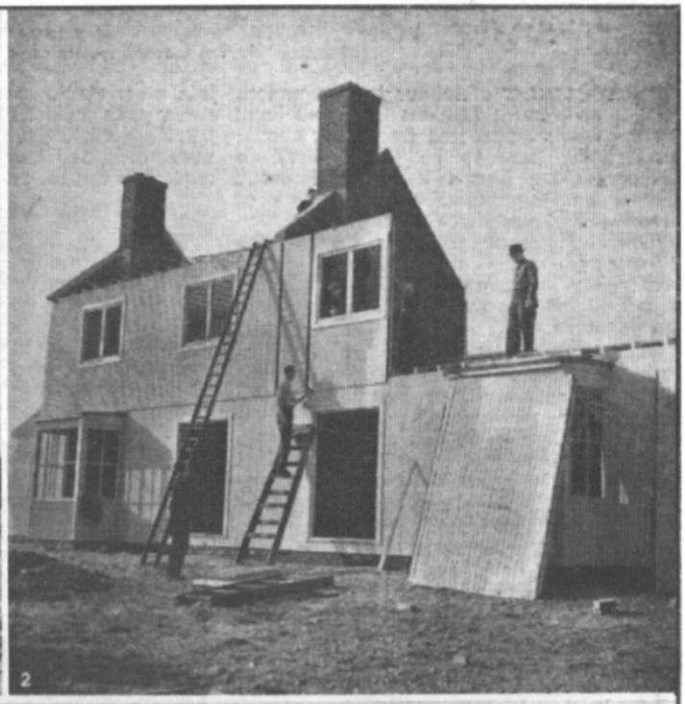
Keeping the Wheels of U.N.O. Smoothly Turning



BEHIND THE BUSY SCENES at the Central Hall, Westminster, are other busy men and women ministering to the convenience of delegates at the U.N. Assembly. Letters are collected from Mr. J. Watson, former Scots Guardsman (1). At the canteen a visitor from China is served by a girl chef (2). Rendering English into Chinese is the business of these experts (3). At the telephone switchboard twelve operators receive U.N.O.'s incoming calls (4). Beneath the flags of 51 nations in the foyer is an information bureau staffed by Royal Marines (5). See also pages 654-658. *Photos, G.P.U., Associated Press*

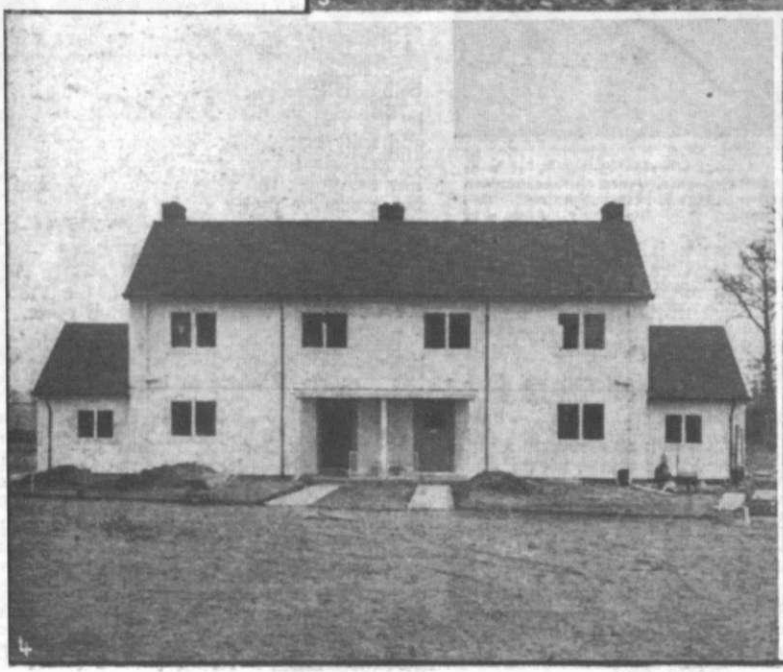
Timber Houses From Sweden Erected in Britain

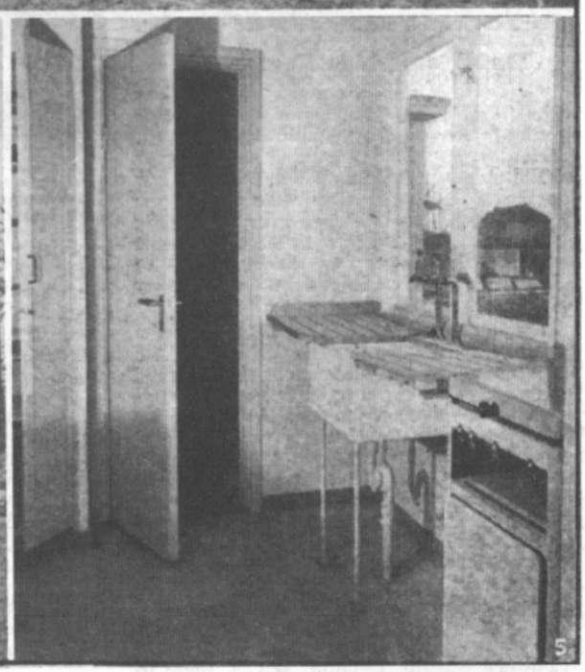




PREFABRICATED two-storey dwellings of four different types, 5,000 of which were recently ordered from Sweden, are intended for permanent use in this country: photographs in this page were taken at Abbots Langley, Herts. Swedish standards have been adopted to conform with British requirements, including party walls with brick fireplaces and chimneys (1). A house can be quickly erected on the concrete site; workmen took only 2½ hours to put up these wall panels (2). Roof tiling, glazing and painting are done by the local authority; Ministry of Works supplies cookers, washing and plumbing fixtures. Accommodation includes living-room, three bedrooms, bathroom and kitchen; a one-storey outbuilding contains additional W.C., washing, fuel and store room (3). All four types have front porches (4). Kitchens are compactly equipped (5).

Exclusive to THE WAR ILLUSTRATED





How Will the Ministry of Labour Find Me a Job?

Most of the thousands of men and women who are demobilized each week have one special target in mind—a situation. Our contributor FRANK ILLINGWORTH applied to the Ministry of Labour and National Service for employment ; and in this article specially written for " The War Illustrated " he explains the system of job-finding and outlines its attendant problem.

RESETTLEMENT of labour is a mammoth problem. Millions of men and women, uprooted from their chosen professions, have to be guided back to industry along lines twisted into fantastic shapes by shortages of materials, lack of housing and uncertain international conditions. Here, an employer cannot take further employees until he can secure materials ; there, a firm can obtain the materials but not the housing necessary to an increased staff.

Shifts of population, transfers of industries, demands for labour in unpopular employment—the mines, hospitals and so on—Service requirements and those of agriculture and transport ; all these factors have to be fitted into the pattern of a giant jigsaw jumbled by six years of total war.

The problem rests with the Ministry of Labour and National Service ; on the Employment Exchanges in every little town throughout Britain, and on the London Appointments Office and the twelve Regional Appointments Offices in the Provinces. It was to see how the organization worked that I went to the Resettlement Advice Service, and then applied to the London Appointments Office for a job, following my application from section to section until at the final desk it went into a pigeon-hole, and, a few days later, released a letter asking me to call on Messrs. So-and-So for an interview.

THE Resettlement Advice Service is the stepping stone from Service to civilian life. The Government fully realizes that men and women who have been in uniform for a number of years are out of touch with everyday affairs at home, and particularly with conditions resulting from "controls." The task of the Resettlement Advice Service is to solve their problems, and it plays a big part in finding jobs for demobilized men and women in many different fields.

Among those whom I joined in a well-furnished room was a man of thirty-five who had left a business behind in 1939. He had no money with which to buy stock, he had no idea how or where to secure the permits necessary to rebuild a war-damaged storage shed, he couldn't understand the controls governing sale and purchase, and he had come to the Advice Service for help.

The Crossroads in Resettlement

"His is a common enough inquiry," an official said later, "but some we see aren't so easy to answer, though we usually succeed. Yesterday, when a lad wanted to know the qualifications to become a lighthouse keeper we found out what they were within the hour. And a day or so ago when two young ex-Servicemen asked how to start a mobile fish-and-chip business we directed them to a Civil Defence vehicle depot where they were fixed up with a van that afternoon."

The Resettlement Advice Service is the crossroads in resettlement. Men whose questions apply to employment are summed up and directed either to their local Employment Exchanges or to the Appointments Offices which deal exclusively with men and women of the executive type. "A man might have been a lorry driver in 1939," I was told, at the Appointments Office, London, "but if Service life has developed his powers of leadership he comes to this Department for an executive job, and not to the ordinary Labour Exchanges. The best applicant for the job—man or woman—is the slogan."

I went to the Appointments Office at Tavistock Square, London, W.C.2, there to join other employment seekers in a waiting room with cubicles marked "Overseas," "Professions," etc. Here, my particulars were noted, and four days later I received a request to call for an interview.

Sympathetic Interviewer Sums-Up

The Appointments Office is divided into sections, each with a specific purpose. In one, officers from the three Services interview men who, called up straight from school, have no civil qualifications. Others deal with men with specific qualifications or aptitudes. The psychological aspect of interviewing is not overlooked. The Appointments Office works on the basis that the ex-industrial supervisor, no less than the ex-varsity man, is fully at ease only when the

INSTRUCTION FOR EX-SERVICEMEN at the London School of Printing, S.E.1, includes all branches of the craft. Here the mechanism of a linotype machine is being explained. See also facing page. *Photo, Fox*

interviewer understands his outlook. Thus, where possible, ex-accountants are seen by interviewers with some accountancy knowledge, and pre-war works-managers are allocated to interviewers who have themselves industrial experience.

"Good morning ! What can we do for you ? Have a cigarette ? Now, what is it you . . . ?" While the applicant talks, the interviewer sums him up and makes notes as to the employment he wants, his qualifications, and the salary he needs. Is he free to go anywhere ? Is his bearing good, and is he self-confident ? All this, and much more, is noted on a special form, and with the interview ended the Appointments Office has a complete picture of the applicant's appearance, demeanour, accomplishments, qualifications and requirements.

His "case sheet" goes to the Common Services Section—in effect, a sorting office. From here, specific professions go to the various placing sections, there to be entered on separate Registers of vacancies and applicants. In turn, vacancies arising in the Provinces converge on the London Office where, so that a man in Edinburgh can be told of a job in Bristol, and vice versa, they are sorted and circulated throughout Provincial Appointments Offices.

Next, to the "Placing Section." Here the unemployed (say) works-manager's particulars find their way into a tray opposite another containing the requirements of employers asking for works-managers. A cross-index system brings each to the other ; and when the two halves more or less fit an interview is arranged. The system is well devised and is working properly. But there are snags in the matter of switching men from wartime to peacetime employment.

Such is the demand for executive posts that the London Appointments Office is taking in thirty extra staff every week to handle inquiries from all over the world. Indeed, the Registers contain more men for jobs than jobs for men—7,500 applicants against only 4,000 situations available.

'Further Educational' Schemes

What are the reasons for the gap ? Geared for war, industrial assembly lines have to slow down to a very considerable extent before they can be speeded up to peacetime requirements. Many factories, short of materials and still deep in re-organization to meet changed conditions, are not ready to increase their staff commitments. In addition, years of war have denied to industry the young men who would otherwise now be skilled workers, while years in the Services have robbed thousands of once-skilled workers of their skill.

Employers want highly skilled men, and they are unable to pay high wage-rates until industry settles down again. On the other hand, the demobilized—some of them "rusty," some lacking in qualifications because they entered the Services straight from school—are asking for wage-rates commensurate with rising costs of living.

THIS is the transitional stage into which tens of thousands of men and women are being released. It is being bridged by "further educational" schemes, operated by the Ministry of Labour both for disabled and fully employable men and women, and by individual firms and employment groups. For example : the Hotel Trades Association has a scheme under which men receive pay while training for executive jobs in the Hotel Trade, suitable trainees being found employment on completion of training. And the London County Council has a school for would-be hotel and restaurant chefs.

Private employment exchanges, including those catering for individual professions, no less than the Ministry of Labour, are at the disposal of the demobilized. Next June, 12½ per cent of our total labour force will still be in the Services, against 2½ per cent before the war. Meanwhile, the Ministry of Labour employs ex-officers to tell the troops all over the world how to obtain jobs on returning home ; others are busy asking employers to pull their weight by applying to the Ministry for the executives they need before they can employ more workers, and others are busy at the Appointments Offices interviewing men and women as they return to Civvy Street.

From the Services to a Civilian Occupation

THE MAN WHO IS RETURNING to the responsibilities of ordinary life needs advice on many questions as well as a job for which he is qualified. How he is assisted to secure employment is shown here step-by-step. From the Resettlement Advice Bureau (1) he may be directed either to a Labour Exchange or an Appointments Office in London or in one of the twelve regional centres (2).

He enters the London Appointments Office in Tavistock Square (3) and makes inquiries (4). Either here (5) or at his home he fills in his record of qualifications A. He is then called for an interview (6), which may last an hour, during which the interviewing officer enters his impressions on the Interview Record B. Then forms A and B are sent to a sorting office, the Common Services Section (7), to be filed into the correct category.

Meanwhile, from industry come demands for labour. The work offered, its nature and qualifications required, are noted on form C. These forms are again filed into different categories, and constant communication is maintained between London and the various regional offices. In the placing section (8) the forms A and B, relating to a particular case, and the work available, C, are compared. At this important stage every effort is made to "place" the right man for the most appropriate position before he is interviewed. Letters are sent from the placing section calling suitable candidates to be interviewed (9) for the available post. The Ministry of Labour and many private firms have organized educational courses and training schemes (10) to re-equip demobilized men for industry and the social services. "Victory in peace," stated Sir Stafford Cripps, President of the Board of Trade, on January 20, 1946, "is as hard a job of production as victory in war." However, the necessary conditions are being hastened to enable thousands more men to produce urgently needed goods. See also article in facing page.

Specially drawn for THE WAR ILLUSTRATED *by Haworth*

I Was There!

Eye Witness Stories of the War and After

Our Great Break-Out from Stalag Luft III

How 78 Allied Air Force officers were enabled to make the great "break" from Stalag Luft III—a German prison camp in flat, wooded country near Sagan in Upper Silesia—on March 24, 1944, is told by Flight-Lieut. Ley Kenyon, D.F.C., R.A.F., in this account written specially for "The War Illustrated." His drawings, which he executed on the spot and are here reproduced, are the only authentic pictorial records of the escape-tunnel.

SINCE the completion of Stalag Luft III in the early months of 1943 four escape tunnels were dug, known to us as Tom, Dick, Harry and George. Unfortunately, Tom was discovered when its 300-ft. length was almost completed. Dick had a sad ending after months of work, when the Germans built another compound on the very spot where Dick's exit from the underworld would have been!

In our third attempt we were more fortunate. On March 24, 1944, 78 Allied Air Force officers were able to make one of the biggest tunnel escapes of this or any other war, through Harry. It took 400 men, working day and night in shifts, 15 months to complete its 320-ft. length. The brain behind this organization was a Spitfire squadron commander, Squadron-Leader Roger Bushell, spoken of by us as "Mr. X." He pitted his razor-keen wits against the enemy, and won every time during the lengthy period of precarious work on Harry.

I Forged the Essential Papers

It all had to be carried out in the greatest possible secrecy, of course. Our guards were planted everywhere round the camp to watch and follow German sentries and "ferrets"—as we called the German security guards whose job it was to look for just such underground activity as we were engaged upon. If they approached too closely the scene of operations, word or sign was flashed ahead by our watchers and work stopped until the "all clear" was given.

Several months after work had started on the digging of Harry, I was introduced into the organization—in the forgery department. It became my business to assist in the production of forged passports, photographs, rubber stamps carved from the rubber heels of boots, letters of introduction, railway tickets, travel warrants and maps. All the officers who were to escape—we budgeted for 160—were to carry with them complete official data sufficient to allow them to travel by foot or rail through Germany. And that is where I came in.

Flight-Lieut. LEY KENYON, D.F.C., R.A.F., whose sensational escape story appears here, together with his own drawings of the famous tunnel workings at Stalag Luft III.

Our forgery department worked day and night in the camp lending library, a small room in one of the blocks. In the event of a German approaching the block the necessary warning was given by our watchers, and within five seconds all the forged matter was folded up and slipped into books, which were instantly replaced on the shelves, whilst ink and pens went into our pockets.

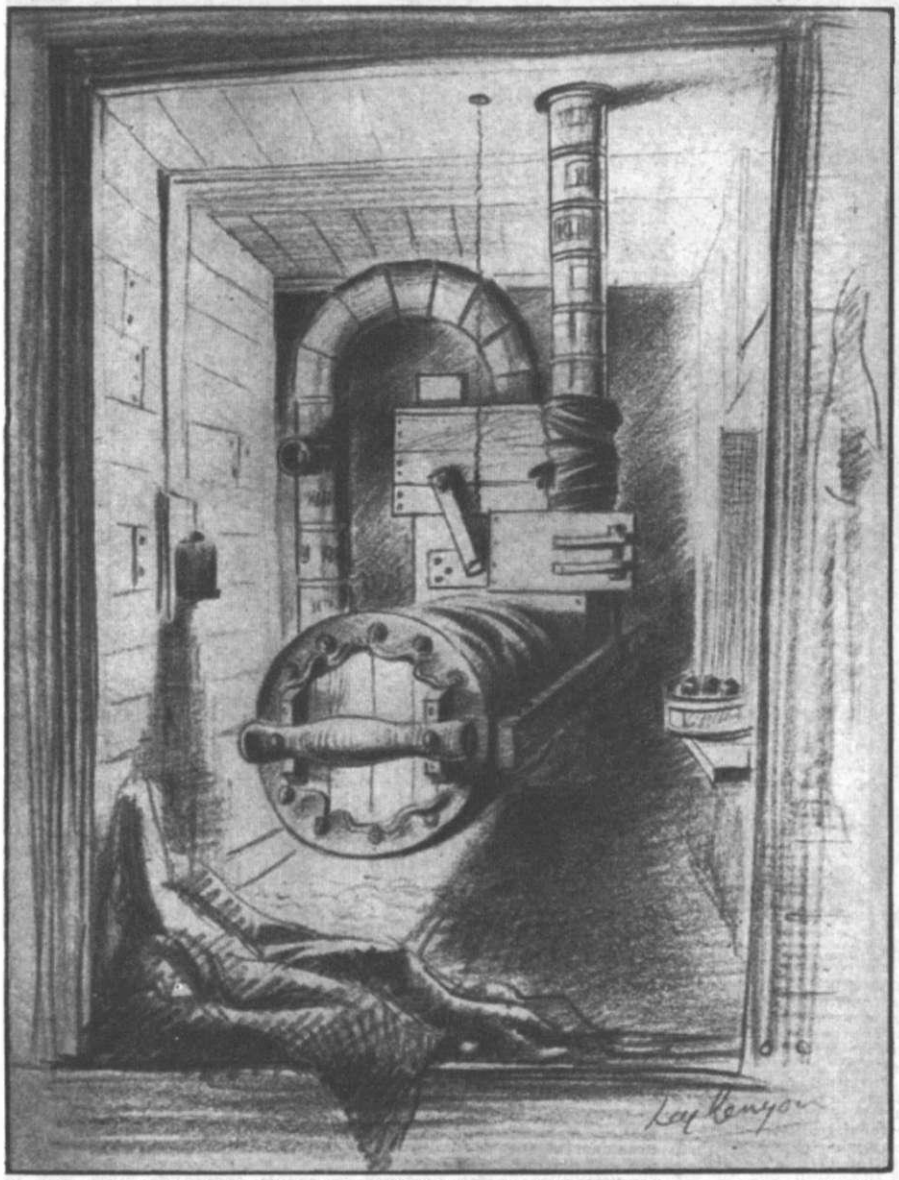
Secret of the Concrete Slab

If the intruder entered the library he would find us innocently reading; though sometimes, in our haste, the book would be upside down! On certain days the tapped warnings would be so frequent that nothing could be done; tempers became so frayed that our hands were too unsteady to attempt the intricate work, and the chief would give the order to close shop until conditions became more favourable.

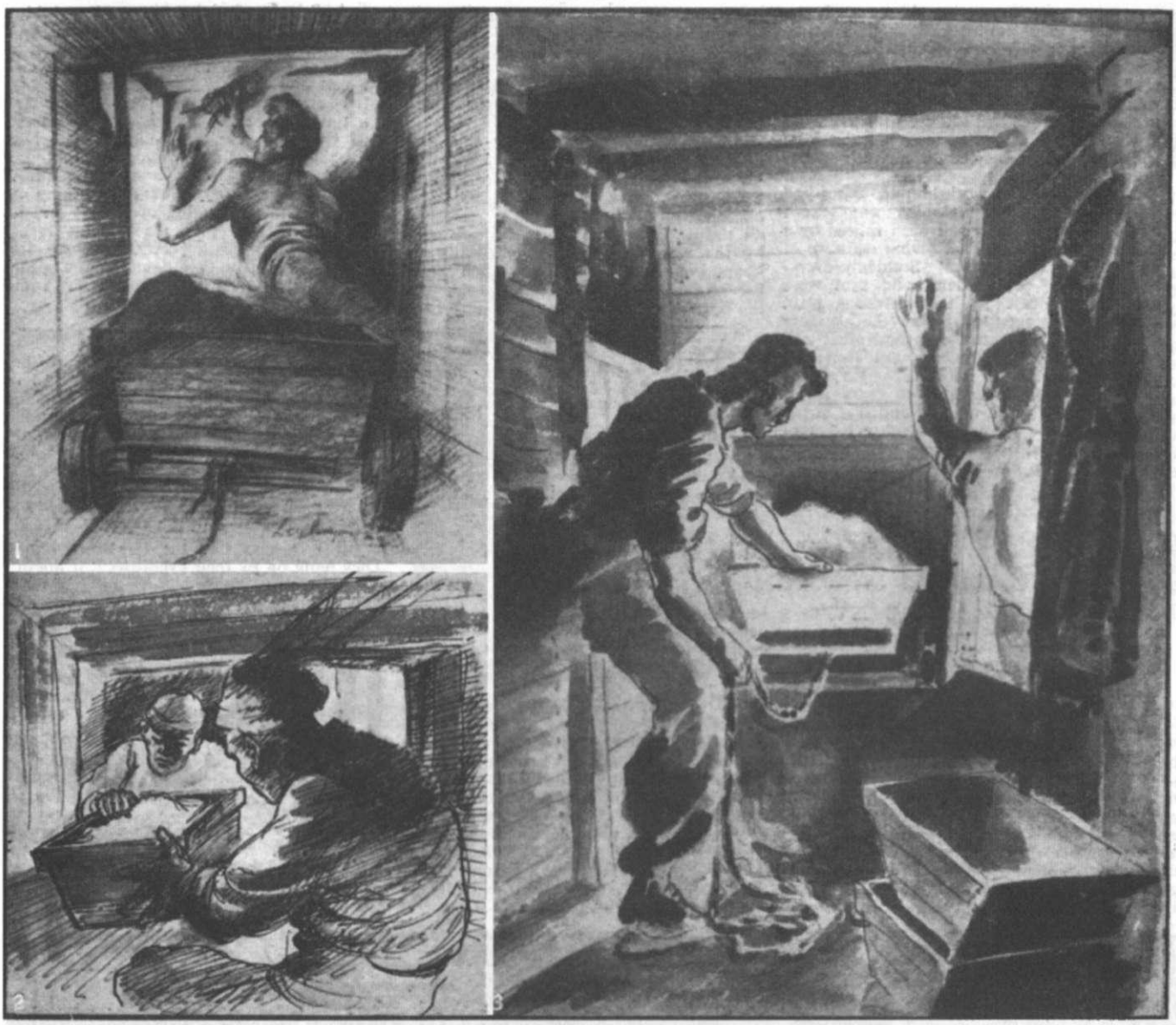
During these feverish months I was occasionally able to go down into the tunnel and see for myself the progress being made. I had tremendous admiration for the fellows who spent so much of their wakeful hours down there, 30 ft. underground. Everyone suffered physically, for there was not sufficient food to keep us up to scratch.

The entrance to the tunnel's vertical shaft was under a slab of concrete in a corner of one of the living rooms, and on the slab stood a heating stove. All this had to be lifted away each time a working shift was to go down or be changed, and, of course, it had to be replaced in such a way that it would escape the most rigorous search by the "ferrets."

BELOW the concrete slab we first dropped a shaft to a depth of 30 ft., and dug ourselves a workshop about 8 ft. by 4 ft., an air-pump room, and a dispersal chamber to congregate men or store displaced sand. When these were finished and fully equipped the tunnel itself was started, tons of fine white sand being dug out monthly and dispersed around the camp—sometimes carried out in Red Cross cardboard boxes and



AIR-PIPE MADE OF EMPTY DRIED-MILK TINS ran the full length of the escape-tunnel. Hand-operated bellows (above), made from kit bags, forced the fresh air—drawn down the vertical pipe—through to the working shift at the tunnel face; the valve apparatus was ingeniously constructed of wood and tin. *Drawing by Flight-Lieut. Ley Kenyon, D.F.C., R.A.F.*



BUILDING THE ESCAPE TUNNEL, which in places was only 24 inches square, only one man at a time was able to work at the "face" (1) where, in a position of great discomfort, he scooped away the sand for removal in boxes placed on trollies. At a half-way house (2), sand was removed from one trolly to another for forwarding. Each section had its own trucks, men and sand travelling the tunnel in three stages. A box of sand arrives at the entrance (3), for concealment within the confines of the camp. *Drawings by Flight-Lieut. Ley Kenyon, D.F.C. R.A.F.*

buried under our meagre gardens, sometimes removed in long cloth bags slung inside the trouser legs of the dispersers, who strolled round the camp and let the sand trickle out from the bottom of their tied-up pants !

Much of it was hidden away beneath our theatre. When we built the theatre the Germans allowed us to put in a sloping floor, which made it necessary for us to excavate several feet below ground-level, this giving us a fine opportunity to slip in extra sand from the tunnel unnoticed. Still more sand was hidden away in Dick ; this latter tunnel was never discovered by the Germans, and was used throughout as a hiding-place for a large quantity of our escape material.

Our Subterranean Trolly-Run

One of the most interesting features of our tunnels was the wood lining. Every inch had to be boarded in because of the looseness of the sand. Bed-boards were used for this purpose—every inmate of the camp giving up a few boards for the cause. Of course, this discrepancy in numbers had to be made up to curb suspicion, as the Germans made periodic counts of them. The splitting of the wider boards to make two was one of many ways of avoiding detection. Mortice joints were made in the ends of all boards, which were fitted in position as the tunnel progressed.

Railway lines, also made of wood, were laid, on which trollies, with metal-banded wheels, could be pulled. The trollies, manufactured in our underground workshop, consisted of wooden frames provided with a flange to hold the sand-boxes firmly during their bumpy ride. These transported man and material to the working face and were dragged by ropes made from Red Cross parcel string. An air pipe, made of dried-milk tins, ran the full length of the tunnel. This supplied fresh air to the working shift at the tunnel face, the air being forced through by a hand-pump, the bellows of which were made from kit bags, and the necessary valve apparatus from wood and tin. The inlet pipe was secreted inside the fireplace and chimney in the living-room above. The Jerry chimney-sweep must have cleaned that out a dozen times without realizing the true use of the chimney.

An electric lighting system was eventually installed by our electrician. His work was made easier by the carelessness of a German electrician who left a 600-ft. coil of electric cable unattended in a wheelbarrow ; when he returned for it, it was gone. He was later shot by his countrymen—for negligence. Approximately every hundred feet the tunnel, which was only 24 inches square, widened out to give room to officers transferring sand from one trolly to another on its transit back to the dispersal chamber. The middle section of the tunnel, passing under the anti-tunnelling sound detectors which the Germans had placed under the barbed wire, was taken deeper and the trolly lines padded to deaden all sound.

My first visit to the tunnel face was a queer experience. After descending the 30-ft. shaft and passing through the workshop I was told by my guide to lie on the hard wood frame of the trolly in the tunnel entrance. Immediately it started to move forward into the black void, and gathered speed. Seconds passed before I saw a spot of light ahead, no larger than a postage stamp. This increased in size as I rumbled forward through the stifling heat, until I was pulled into the first half-way house, lit by a wick floating in a tin of German margarine.

Then I was told to transfer to the next trolly, for the second part of the journey to the tunnel face. Here I found a worker, naked to the waist—a bomber pilot and already three years a prisoner—hacking at the sand and pushing it back to his number

two, who was piling it into boxes ready for transit. I held up operations temporarily to make quick sketches of all I saw. Very quick! My models were impatient. They wanted to get on with the work. And I wanted to get back up above as quickly as possible; I had heard too often of the sand-falls under which our men were almost suffocated before they could be extricated.

BACK again in the workshop an alarm had just sounded. A tin hanging from the roof and containing stones had been rattled by a string from ground-level, giving warning of an approaching "ferret." Suddenly everything became eerily silent, and eyes were expectantly lifted to the entrance trap. Several minutes passed before the all clear was given and the rumble of the trollies and the dull noises of underground work recommenced. A new shift had come down, and the old shift ascended to clean themselves of every grain of sand and dirt in the wash-house and change into normal clothes before they returned to their own blocks—to sleep, and sometimes to eat.

Above ground, activity was intense. All the equipment for escape was being secretly manufactured, in rooms carefully guarded by our security men. Besides the forged papers, civilian clothes, made from any material we could acquire, compasses, iron rations, and route maps were turned out in sufficient numbers to equip the 160 men who had been detailed or balloted for the escape. No date for the break had been released—this remained a secret to all but a few, almost until the last hour. At dusk on March 24, 1944, that hour arrived.

Excitement was at fever pitch. Superb organization made it possible to concentrate all the escapists into Harry's block unseen by the watchful German sentries in their boxes continuously swinging their search-lights into every corner of the camp. Even the dogs were silent.

Shadowy figures sauntered across the compound in the dim light—blankets tied round their waists under their overcoats, their pockets bulging with rations and equipment. One by one they slid into the rooms allotted to them. One by one they were ushered into the tunnel room and given final instructions before descending the shaft. Mistakes were made, scares were numerous, but no sound echoed from that block throughout the night.

(Concluded in "The War Illustrated" No. 227).

The Germans Now Raise Their Hats To Us!

The grand job the British soldier is doing in getting Germany on her feet again—and how the people are responding—needs to be made known to the world. Evening Standard correspondent Richard McMillan, writing from Berlin on January 11, 1946, places his findings on record.

WE have heard enough about the black market, about fraternization, about those mythical millions supposed to be made in the sale of our cigarettes; forget, too, the recurring stories of quarrels and fisticuffs and bad feelings between the troops and civilians. Let us talk instead of the grand job the British Tommy is doing in getting Germany on her feet again. From the Germans themselves, everywhere you go, you are likely to hear more praise than blame about him.

"We cannot help but admire the British soldier for the great work he is doing," they say. "We have seen him achieving the miracle of putting some life and order back into a crushed, broken, smothered and hopeless nation." So, in case you have the idea that sideline rackets, black market and fraternization are the main preoccupations of the British Army, you will be glad to hear about the truer picture in the B.A.O.R. zone. And it will make you realize why the Germans tip their hats to our men.

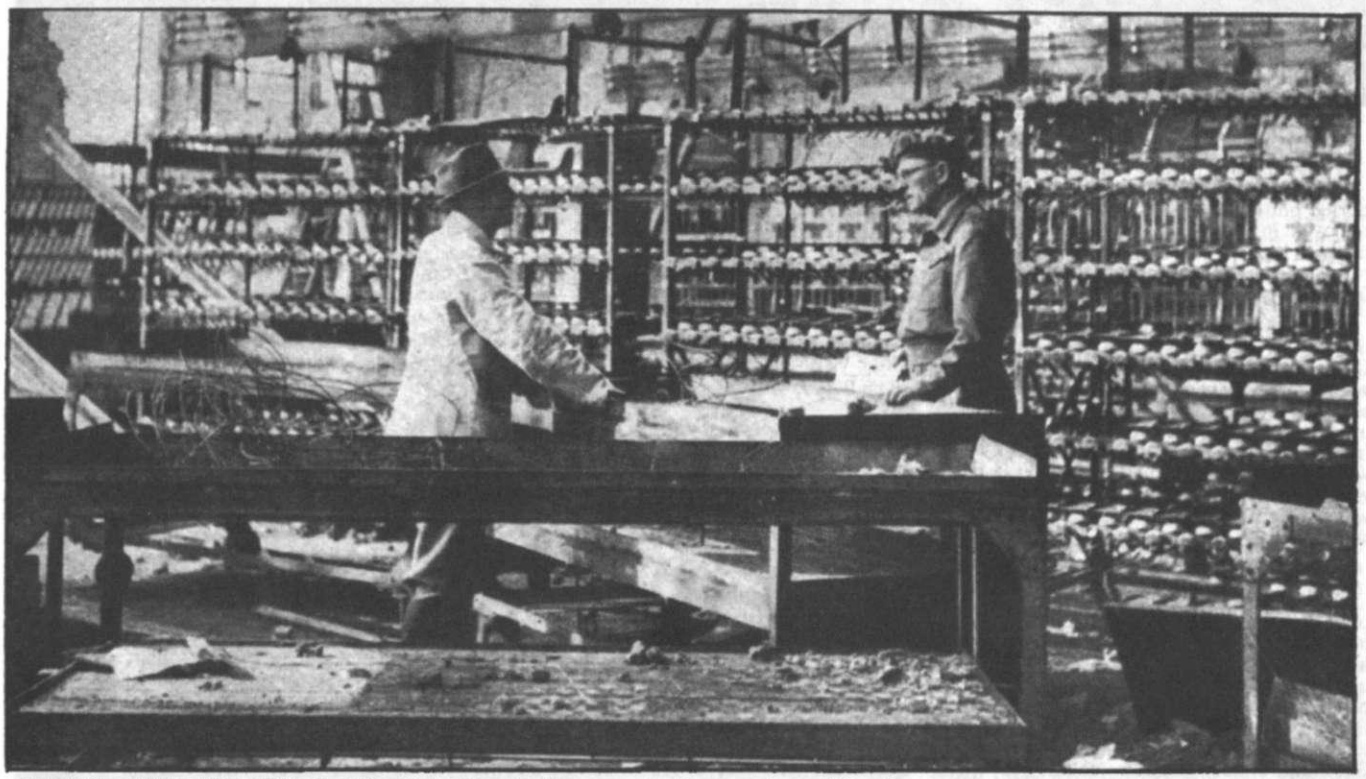
A British administrative officer told me today: "The feeding of Germany, the restoration of communication on roads, railways and canals, the policing of the cities, towns and country districts day and night, the handling of displaced persons, the cleaning up of the battlefield, the disarmament of Germany, the tracking down of Nazis, the shipping and distribution of clothing, the fighting of disease, the razing of ruined towns to make way for the housing programme, the rebuilding of houses and huts and even helping in the difficult task of searching for missing P.O.W.—these are a few of the tasks that figure in the gigantic worksheet. And it is the British Tommy who is doing the job."

Hanging On By Their Eyebrows

That does not mean that our men are doing all the hard work themselves; no, they are the gaffers. They do the planning and thinking, and then there is a German slave army of P.O.W. to carry out the task. Let us begin with getting Berlin on to its wheels. After the collapse of the city last May, only 51 tramcars remained in service. Today there are more than 800. They are running smoothly.

"It is always like the last tram home. They hang on by their eyebrows; it doesn't do them any harm. But the transport system is a going concern," said a corporal. Leave Berlin and link up with the autobahn. We pass the Russian zone and run through the British zone of occupation under B.A.O.R. For hundreds of miles you pass along the repaired autobahn itself or fairly well repaired side roads.

BAILEY bridges span chasms left by German dynamiters. Many miles of roadway have been cleared of smashed tanks and rubble; thousands upon thousands of craters have been filled in; 195 Bailey bridges have been installed in the British sector in Germany; 540 miles of road have been repaired; 1,100 miles have been tar-sprayed. Away out in the wilds of Germany you will come to a long Bailey bridge. There is a solitary



REVIVING THE RUHR COALFIELDS, which before the War were capable of producing 125 million tons annually, proceeds apace, as told here. In the course of Allied air raids, 32 collieries were put out of action; here is the interior of a wrecked lamp-house once capable of charging 4,000 miners' safety lamps. In May 1945, at the time of the German collapse, only 2,000 tons of coal were shifted; now more than 11,800 tons are moved every 24 hours under the direction of the North German coal control. *Photo, British Official*

British policeman there, an M.P., keeping guard and signalling the traffic through, all part of the British policing system and traffic control throughout Germany.

Passing the Dortmund-Ems Canal, a team of German labour was trying to undo some of the R.A.F.'s handiwork. In charge was an R.E. officer. They were raising the massive wreck of a steel bridge from the canal bed. It is the same story with the railways. The Germans blew nearly 700 bridges in the British zone and we have repaired a third of them. The Germans had only 650 miles of railway in operation in the British zone when they collapsed. We have now 6,575 miles—all the work of the British soldier.

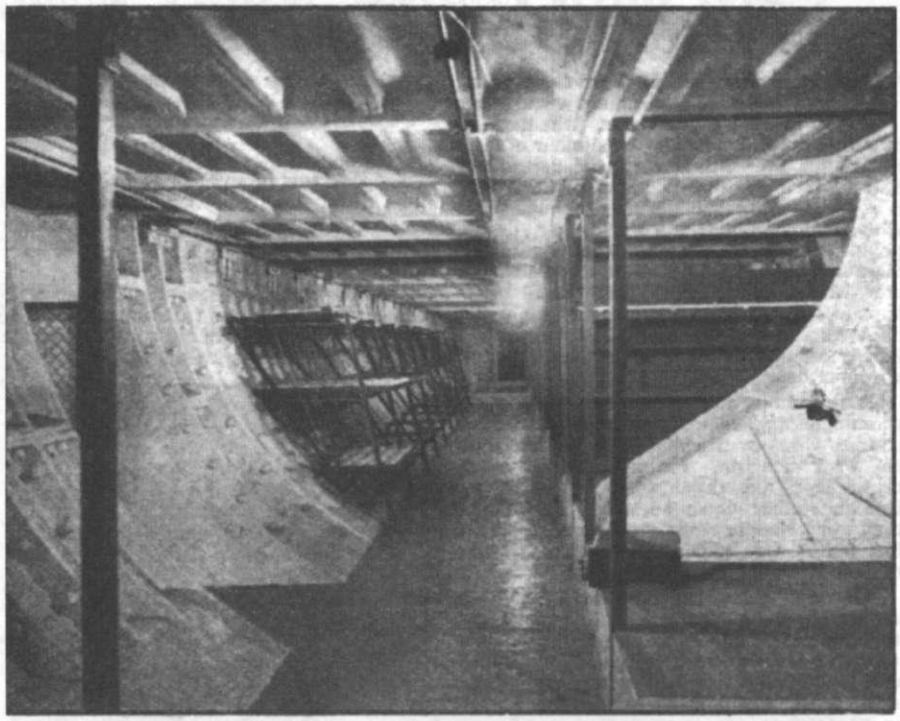
German Prisoner Teams at Work

Canals, too, have been got going again. You can now travel right down the Rhine to the sea. The story of German coal revival is a tribute to British mine experts in the Army, plus the strong shoulder of the Pioneer and Forestry Corps, who supplied the millions of pit props from German forests. In May 1945, at the time of the collapse, 2,000 tons of coal were shifted : today more than 11,800 tons are moved every 24 hours.

As you roll along the autobahn you will see a Tommy with a stick in his hand directing his German prisoner team. Under the British gaffer's guidance the Germans fell trees for fuel, lift mines, clear away the wreckage from dams and culverts and railways caused by the R.A.F. bombs. "Funny how willing they are to work," the Tommy says. "They only want to be led. They have just to be told what to do and they do it like lambs."

THEN there is the vast clerical task of running the Occupation. British Army clerks with civilians, too, do that—and do not forget the bright little A.T.S., who have joined so efficiently in the job of showing Germany and the world how a country really should be run. The telephones, too. More than 33,000 trunk telephone calls alone are cleared by day through the British zone. And British voices call over thousands of miles of new telephone lines which have been installed within the frontiers of Germany itself. Fraternization, yes, it exists and will increase ; the black market is there, but is dwindling ; quarrels are bound to occur between conquerors and conquered. But don't forget that much more vital overall picture of achievement. It is the finest advertisement of our way of life we could offer the German people.

They say—and I believe they are speaking the truth—they like us for it and thank us for it. You too, therefore, might do as the Germans do and tip your hat to the British Tommy in Germany.



TWO HUNDRED FEET BENEATH HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON, brick-lined tunnels run for miles. As described below, these were intended for use in the event of invasion or other grave emergency. Now they are to house 500 tons of Government books and documents which were evacuated during the War to various parts of the country. *Photo, The Evening Standard*

Our Underground Citadel Built for 10,000

A top secret during the War, this enormous shelter, 200 feet beneath a London thoroughfare, would have been used by Government executives in the event of invasion or super-bombing. For two hours, on January 10, 1946, an Evening Standard reporter trudged around the empty, echoing spaces—now being filled with the Public Records of England.

THERE were 12 of us in the tunnelled labyrinth 200 feet beneath the traffic-jammed thoroughfare of High Holborn ; a representative of the Public Record Office, a foreman, five workmen, two watchmen, a liftman, an electrician and myself. Between us we made up the total population of an underground citadel that was built to accommodate 10,000.

It was here, during the War, in this top-secret, deep shelter, that thousands of Government executives would have retired to carry on the battle in the event of invasion or super air raids. It was here today that I watched workmen wheeling into the bunk-lined, electric-lit tunnels, loads of Government books and documents which had been "evacuated" to the country during the War. The public records of England are coming back to Town. And 500 tons of them will in future be housed in this underground city built to defy bombs.

Rations for a One-Year Siege

The deep shelter, built at a very high cost, but never required, has been found to be an ideal depository for some of Britain's most important archives. When war broke out the Public Record Office had to evacuate from Chancery Lane more than 2,000 tons of official books and documents which had accumulated since the days of the Domesday Book nearly 900 years ago.

"It was a colossal task," I was told today. "Contents of about 20 miles of shelving had to be transported by lorry to the country. But the job was done—not one book, document or paper was lost or damaged throughout the War." Among the 2,000 tons of documents were 500 tons of modern departmental records, which were first stored in Canterbury Prison. After the fall of France they were transferred to three depositories in safer parts of the country.

EVERY day two five-ton lorries, with Public Record Office officials aboard, draw up to the shelter entrance with their loads of records brought from three country depositories—an ecclesiastical training college near Oxford, a ducal castle in the North, and a casual ward in the Midlands. For two hours today I trudged around the empty, echoing tunnels, 200 feet beneath the road. They seemed to stretch away for miles, and possibly they did.

I saw the bunk-lined corridors, the control room from which shelterers would have been marshalled, modern kitchens which would have provided hot meals on the cafeteria system, endless rows of stools at the food "bar," and food-storage cupboards which could have stocked sufficient food to withstand a one-year siege.

When fitted with shelving the bunks' steel uprights will make perfect storage receptacles for the official records. Said the Public Record Office official : "We did not choose an underground shelter for 'safety-first' reasons. It is merely that it is available and is ideal for our purpose." Work on the shelving of the bunks will start soon. It may take months to complete. About 80,000 ft. will have to be fitted.

★—*As The Years Went By—Notable Days in the War*—★

1940

February 12. *First Australian and New Zealand troops in Middle East arrived at Suez.*

1941

February 6. *Benghazi surrendered to Wavell's troops ; many high-ranking Italian prisoners.*
February 10. *British parachute troops captured in Calabria, Southern Italy.*

1942

February 12. *Scharnhorst, Gneisenau and Prinz Eugen dashed from Brest through the Straits of Dover and reached German ports.*
February 15. *Singapore fell to Japanese. Large-scale Japanese landings in Sumatra.*

1943

February 2. *Capitulation of remnants of German Sixth Army to Russians at Stalingrad.*
February 8. *Red Army captured Kursk.*
February 10. *Guadalcanal cleared of Japanese.*
February 14. *Russians captured Rostov-on-Don.*

1944

February 3. *Germans launched first heavy offensive on the Anzio beach-head.*
February 15. *Allies bombed Cassino Abbey.*

1945

February 7. *Conference held at Yalta, Crimea, between Roosevelt, Stalin and Churchill.*
February 13. *Budapest captured by Red Army.*

When Our Airmen Come to Earth

By CAPTAIN
NORMAN MACMILLAN
M.C., A.F.C.

THE word mufti comes from the Arabic, and has a dual meaning when used in the English language. It is the title of a Mahomedan priest or expounder of law. Hence the title Grand Mufti of Jerusalem. The Concise Oxford Dictionary states that it is the present participle of the Arabic word *afta* which translates into English as "decide point of law." Those who have read the Koran will understand how closely associated are Mahomedan priests and deciders of law in Islam. Time and again Mahomet declares that he is but the mouthpiece of the Lawgiver, and as such is the messenger of absolute truth and justice.

It is curious that this same word mufti should be applied in English to the civilian clothes worn by a person who has the right to wear uniform. Presumably this usage arose from the dispensorial duties of the British soldier when stationed abroad, so that even when he went about out of uniform his status was still acknowledged by the reference to his being "in mufti."

The old school of British soldiers is associated with the word mufti. It brings to mind the Kipling era. The more common word in Britain today is civvies, associated not with the Middle East and India but with British towns made up of civvy streets, in contrast to the barracks, encampments, quarters and cantonments of military life. Yet it seems to me that the word civvies is the language of the civilian temporarily turned soldier, while the word mufti is the word of those who have made soldiering a career. That is why I use the word mufti in this article, because I know that during the course of the present demobilization many who would choose to make the Service a career are being returned to civvy street to wear mufti with regret.

BIG Change From Service Life Marked by Levelling of Ranks

There is a great difference between the Service in peace and the Service in war. In war the need is for men—"bodies" has come into modern Service slang to indicate the human unit. How often has one heard the phrase spoken into a military telephone: "Can you let me have so many bodies for such-and-such a job?" The need is for men (and women) to undertake a special task in war and to concentrate upon it. Thus military education is specialized and narrower in wartime. The need for "bodies" produces the means to secure them. Instructional schools are set up to train "bodies" for their special task. In these circumstances the apt individual without high educational qualifications can "make the grade." Personality counts in war more than in peace; for in war instinctive, uneducated leadership may be more valuable than any other asset.

THE graduation in Service ranks means that every man above the rank of private soldier, aircraftman, or seaman has a certain power of command, increasing in scale as rank becomes more exalted. There is thus wide scope to fit in the multifarious types of character when the Services absorb millions into their ranks. There are not the same opportunities in mufti for the millions. Industries are not run on the basis of graduated ranks. There are many fewer gradations, and often the only distinguishing characteristics are those of face and voice, and perhaps the quality and cut of clothes.

It is this that marks the big change from Service to civil life. The man who was an officer may have to give up his rank to join on level terms others who held lesser rank; he may even find himself being "bossed" by a former private. If war can reduce directors of companies to aircraftmen, and City of London solicitors of eminence to coastal gunners, peace can transform flying-officers into door-to-door salesmen, or other less distinguished citizens.

The Sunday Dispatch for January 20 told the story of Edward Nolde, driver of a No. 16 London omnibus between Victoria and Cricklewood, who six months before

B.O.A.C. STEWARD of a Sunderland flying-boat on a flight from Britain to India puts the finishing touches to a four-course meal. Cooked, and then frozen in London, it is served up hot to passengers and crew during the journey. *Photo, B.O.A.C.*

was a Flight Lieutenant wearing the ribbon of the D.F.C. with the Pathfinder Group of Bomber Command. He was with the London Passenger Transport Board before the War, and returned to it on demobilization as a bus conductor. He said, "Any man who has a chance to go back to his old job should take it. And if a man has held a commission in the Forces, any additional qualifications he has gained through his experience will soon be discovered and put to use." Good luck to him, for his sound sense, and in his appearance before a promotions board for advancement to inspector.

For the lucky men the War was but an incident in their lives. They have a lucrative post in a business that was continued in their absence. For others, like Nolde, the end of the War meant a big cut in pay. For still others there is no job waiting.

Men who have flown operationally in war have done something which has stimulated character, and brought out qualities that previously were perhaps but latent. If these men recognize this personal development in the forcing house of war, they can profit by it, provided they do not assume that it should bring them special privileges. Their privileges in the Services had to be earned by work for the Services. Their privileges in civil life have to be earned by their work in civil life. What have the men who flew gained technically during war? I would assess their gain in their categories as pilots, navigators, wireless and radar operators, and flight engineers. (Air gunners have gained in personality, but their work has no value in civil life.)

EMPLOYMENT in Civil Aviation Available Only to a Minority

The air lines are growing in importance. They will want pilots, navigators, flight engineers, radio and radar operators. The Government civil airfields, wireless and radar stations will require ground personnel for inspection, control and operations. Flying schools to teach civilians to fly will need pilots and ground instructors. The aircraft industry may need a few replacement test pilots, but there cannot be many vacancies here, and they will be open to special pilots with exceptional technical qualifications. Business companies will want aircraft to transport executives quickly about their business. Flying salesmen will be required to sell not only aircraft but many ranges of goods.

But all these flying jobs represent a mere fraction of the great numbers of air-trained men who are available today. It will be the minority who will survive in the scramble to remain in their new profession of aviation on the civil side. Those who wish to do so will have to take their civilian licences as pilots, navigators, wireless operators, flight and ground engineers. But that there are vacancies is witnessed by the acceptance for training by British Overseas Airways as air stewards of some 200 Air Training Corps cadets, recruited direct from civil life, with some drawn from country villages. There will also be ground staff appointments in all the air line organizations, for duty in administrative and technical capacities both at home and abroad. Here a knowledge of appropriate languages will be of value.

BUT the majority of our wartime airmen will have to come to earth. The recent statement by Marshal of the Royal Air Force Lord Tedder that the peacetime force must be a David and not a Goliath indicates that the reduction in the R.A.F. will enable the Air Ministry to prune severely. Expansion in air line operation and the aircraft industry will not be rapid. Indeed, the industry must first shrink to normal before its expansion can begin on the new peacetime basis.

The men who make a bargain with themselves that they will remain in aviation and make it their post-war career should first try the R.A.F. and the Fleet Air Arm, then the air lines and the aircraft industry (including the ancillary industries such as oil, petrol and paraffin, instruments, tires and so on). If they fail in these four major fields their hope is slight in the remaining air activities, and they should seek work elsewhere.

If they want to continue their wartime association with aviation, they will have opportunity to give their country part-time service in the peacetime R.A.F.V.R. or Auxiliary Air Forces (men's and women's), Royal Observer Corps and Air Training Corps, all to be administered in future under one R.A.F. Reserve Command. Thus they can make the air their hobby instead of their profession, and will be happy if they realize that half a loaf is better than no bread.

British Wings Speed Dutch Safely from Java

ENGULFED IN THE INDONESIAN TROUBLES, Dutch civilians in Batavia have been evacuated by the R.A.F. to Singapore and other places at the rate of 1,000 a day. A sick internee is lifted from a Dakota transport by medical orderlies of No. 6 Casualty Air Evacuation Unit (top). The latter did magnificent work in Burma when they flew thousands of casualties from the front lines. On the quayside at Batavia (bottom) a Sunderland crew assists women and children waiting to be rowed out to flying-boats in the harbour. See also page 579. *Photos, British Official*

The Editor Looks Back

WOULD THEY COME? Feb. 24, 1940

I saw a mountainous façade of sandbags that has shielded a West End club since September being removed the other day. Whether to make way for some other form of protection or because the committee have decided we're not going to have any raids after all, I can't say. But not the latter, I hope, as there can be no greater self-deception. Every airman to whom I have spoken believes we must be prepared to the *n*th degree for being raided in Goering's good time. I renewed acquaintance with one of the most famous of world fliers last night and found that he, too, held this opinion.

HOW strange to recall today that five months after the phoney War had started we were still speculating on the possibility of London being raided !

THIEVES Feb. 24, 1940

" I said, in my haste, all men are liars." The old Scotswoman who commented that if the Psalmist had come to her town he might have said it " at his leesure " was wise in her generation, but one has no biblical authority —so far as I know—for " all men are thieves." And yet the readiness with which the average decent person will take what isn't his'n if the chance comes is undeniable. Perhaps you read of a fishmonger who said the other day that in the black-out he had lost most of his profit by customers stealing fish as they left his premises. There is nothing that won't be stolen given the opportunity.

SIX years on, the thieves have grown from companies and battalions into armies, and you will find them where you would least expect. The latest trick I have heard about is the substitution of straw and chaff mattresses for valuable hair and wool articles of pre-War make. This, I gather, has happened in some cases where furniture was left in store. Once you discover that you are sleeping on a shoddy mattress which you had supposed to be your own woollen one, it is too late to complain. I am told that the stock explanation is, " You must have got somebody else's mattress, and he has got yours." I had this from a lawyer who was handling a particularly flagrant case of substitution. So, have a care when your mattresses come out of store.

WE WERE WARNED ! Mar. 2, 1940

If there are any rich readers of my jottings let me warn them that Stalin's disciples in England, otherwise the Central Committee of the Communist Party of Great Britain (who have just done me the honour of pushing their manifesto through my letter-box), have got their eye on 'em. My millionaire readers in particular had better look out, for the likes of Mr. Pollitt, who polled 966 out of 15,460 votes the other day in Silvertown, is after them. Here's their War Aims :

> Better times for the people. Make the rich pay. No blockade on wages. No profiteering. No tightening of belts for the poor. Unity of action now against the Chamberlain Government and the millionaires.

But it seems to me that their battle is already won—won for them by the Chamberlain Government in the person of Sir John Simon. For I am one of " the people," I am a wage-earner, I am no profiteer, I am not rich, and I am just about £990,000 short of being a millionaire, yet a good deal more than fifty per cent of my total earnings are snaffled by the Government, whose Chancellor cheerfully and persistently tells me to prepare for still greater sacrifice !

WELL, most of those generous War aims of the Communists were achieved by the dire force of circumstance, and no thanks to the Communists. Indeed, it almost looks as though six years after that note was written and a " phoney peace " has dawned, we may have to re-read the first verse of Matthew xxvi, 11, which runs, as you will no doubt remember, " For ye have the poor always with you." You may also remember that when the foregoing note was written Russia was nearing the end of her attack on Finland, while in agreement with Germany she had been able to occupy half of Poland. Strange indeed have been the mutations of Soviet policy since the signing of that pact with the Nazis which preceded the starting of the Second Great War ! However, we live—but do we learn ?

MORE GALLIC WIT Mar. 2, 1940

One of the many delightful literary journals of France that come to my editorial desk every week is *Marianne*. The issue before me has an amusing and instructive item of immediate interest which I translate :

A sergeant and six French soldiers form the garrison of a small island in the Pacific. Every six months a ship calls with provisions and mails.

" What's going on in France ? " asked the sergeant.

" We are at war."

" With whom ? "

" Germany."

" Ah ! With our Russian allies we ought to win easily."

" But the Russians are no longer our allies. They have even joined forces with Germany."

" What ! Then we shall be up against the Germans, the Russians and the Italians ! "

" No. Italy is neutral."

" Oh ! Tell me, there must have been a deuce of a battle on the Maginot Line ? "

" Not at all. The two most important battles were fought, one in the Arctic Circle, the other off Montevideo."

HOW vividly that little bit of jeu d'esprit *brings back the strange uncertainties which marked those early days of 1940, when terrific events were in preparation and were so soon to jog the whole world into a seething state of fear, doubt and despondency. Britain's " splendid hour " was just about to strike—and today we are garnering the thanks of all those " united nations" whose future freedom Britain made possible by her incredible self-sacrifice and her steadfast stand for human liberty—" I don't think, Papa ! " as Harry Tate's son was wont to remark in one of his comic sketches that were soon to be just memories of the old music halls, themselves but memories now.*

THE BRIGHT-OUT ! Mar. 16, 1940

" For black-out read bright-out " would seem to be the wishful thinking of those who tell us that soon the black-out will be a nightmare of the past. The idea is to rush to the other extreme and send up from London and our other great cities such a blaze of searchlights into the nocturnal sky that air raiders would be dazzled and rendered less able to spot an objective than in the black-out, while down below we should be carrying on as if it were high noon. I'm not hopeful, but if the " bright-out " were ever realized it would have a fine effect on public health, which under the black-out is certainly deteriorating . . . health of mind and health of body. Eyesight has been affected by the long unillumined periods that are now rapidly diminishing, thanks to the coming of spring and wisdom of advancing summertime.

THE " bright-out " was merely a wild dream, and all of us who lived through the horrors of five years of black-out are suffering in health today. When I think of these years and all they mean in loss of vitality and resources to the British people, my gorge rises as I read some of the unjust, ungenerous, and ignorant stuff, such as the late Theodore Dreiser and all America's isolationists have been publishing in the Press to the confusion of their fellow Americans. There can be no mutual understanding between nations so long as any measure of distrust exists on one side or the other. It exists on the other side of the Atlantic in some force, unhappily.

POSTSCRIPT

IT was refreshing to read from a naturalist and council-member of the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds the other day, a tribute to the War Office—for their kindness. For, thanks to the War Department, ten square miles of English countryside near Dungeness is being preserved as a sanctuary for "all types of rare nesting birds." It will come as a relief to bird-enthusiasts (as well as a surprise) to learn that in this area, at least, Operation Pluto had no ill-effects upon wild life, "although petrol escaped from the pipe-line and fumes spread over a wide area." This will be good news to many.

A RECENT advertisement for the New York Central Railway appearing in an American magazine claims for that railroad the credit of being the first to instal troughs for watering locomotives at speed. This, of course, is nonsense. The first water-troughs (I am assured by the L.M.S.) were laid on the old London and North-Western at Aber, on the North Wales coast, in 1857, and the idea was copied by the rest of the world. But the Yankee claim is merely characteristic.

A DISTINGUISHED London medical man has bravely tried to comfort the great shaving public, especially those who find the shortage of razor blades acute in the figurative sense. He says that a blunt razor is less injurious to the face than a well-stropped one. I wonder? I seem to remember my mother's vain attempts to convince me that rice pudding was more " nourishing " than jelly. But I still prefer jelly—and will continue to keep my razors well honed and stropped.

ACCORDING to a woman educationist, few children, if left to themselves, will shudder on seeing a worm or a slug. This complex of repugnance, she assured a conference of teachers, is copied by children from their parents. The awful remedy which would seem to suggest itself is that of the grins of the fathers being visited on the children. Though not, I hope, to the third and fourth generation. Or even to the second.

A WOMAN scientist with a violent antipathy to smoking left, recently, among other bequests, £100 to the University of London "to be devoted to the needs of non-smoking students." One would have imagined that in these days of one-and-two-for-ten the "needs" of non-smokers would be virtually —and happily—non-existent.

FROM subscribers to the Wine and Food Society downwards, every member of the public with an appreciative palate will rejoice at the Government's decision to insist on the correctly-descriptive labelling of all "wines" made up in this country. Even if it calls for "Château Rickmansworth." Or— "Veuve Higginbotham."

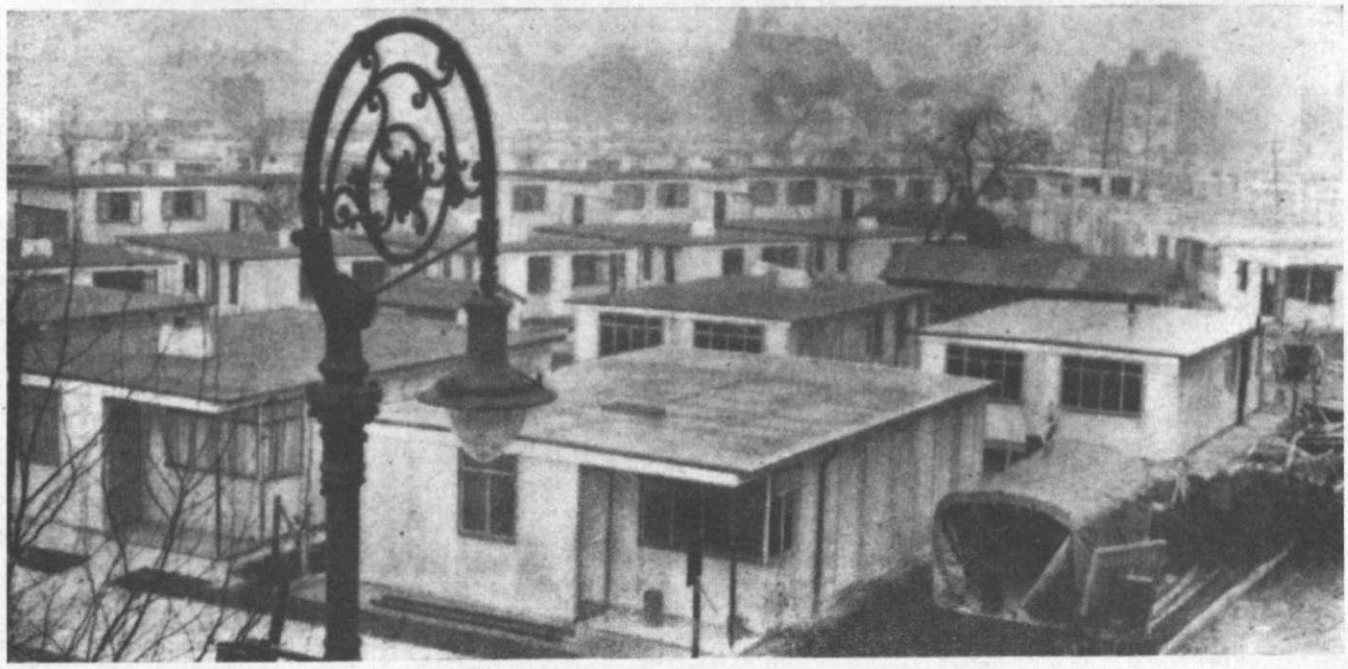
In Britain Now : Honouring Civilian Killed

FIRST ROLL OF CIVILIAN WAR DEAD of the British Empire and Commonwealth has been placed in a shrine in Westminster Abbey, near to the Tomb of the Unknown Warrior. The four volumes, one of which is open (above), contain records of nearly 60,000 civilians whose deaths were caused by enemy action in the United Kingdom. Each day a page is turned by the Dean's verger.

MEMORIAL TO FIGHTING FRENCH NAVY, in the form of a Lorraine Cross and anchor, commemorating the lives of officers and men lost in the Battle of the Atlantic, was unveiled by Mr. A. V. Alexander, First Lord of the Admiralty, at Lyle Hill, Greenock, on January 18, 1946. French warships recently left Greenock to return to France.

UNEXPLODED PIPE MINES are being rendered harmless in different parts of the country. These were planted underground at vital points in 1940 when Britain was in danger of a German invasion. Packed with high explosive, in an emergency they would have been electrically detonated by remote control. Sappers are here seen dismantling pipe mines in Sussex.

LONDON'S FIRST PREFABRICATED SETTLEMENT has risen out of the ruins of Cubitt Town in the Isle of Dogs, which was almost wiped out in the air raids of 1940-41. Below, the reconstructed area which comprises 300 buildings. *Photos, Topical, G.P.U., Reuter, Keystone*



Askari Warriors Dressed for the Dance

WITH SPEARS AND SHIELDS FASHIONED FROM DERELICT AIRCRAFT PARTS selected from a salvage dump, Askari warriors from two Kenya battalions of the 11th East African Division—which fought so magnificently in the East African and Burmese campaigns—recently assembled for a great tribal dance, one of the most spectacular of post-War days. Among those taking part in this picturesque blend of old tradition and modern warfare were members of the Nandi, Wakamba and Jalua tribes. See also illus. page 22 ; and 619, Vol. 7.

Photo, British Official

Printed in England and published every alternate Friday by the Proprietors, THE AMALGAMATED PRESS, LTD., The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4. Registered for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post. Sole Agents for Australia and New Zealand: Messrs. Gordon & Gotch, Ltd.; and for South Africa: Central News Agency, Ltd. February 15, 1946. S.S *Editorial Address:* JOHN CARPENTER HOUSE, WHITEFRIARS, LONDON E.C.4.